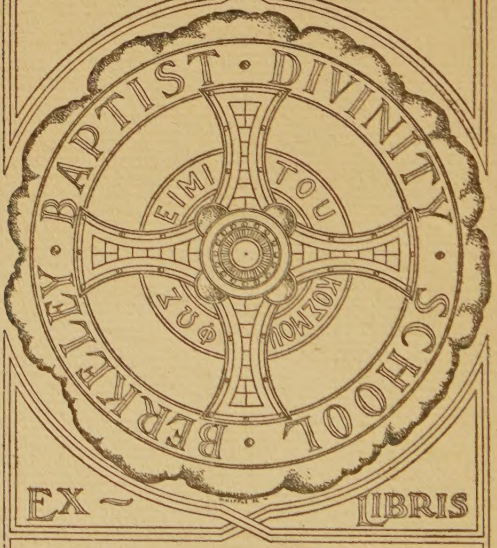
FROM

DARKNESS

TO



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LUKSHMIAH.

FROM

DARKNESS TO LIGHT:

A Story of the Telugu Awakening.

BY

REV. J. E. CLOUGH,

CUDDAPAH, INDIA.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY W. G. CORTHELL,
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PREFACE.

THIS little book was undertaken at the suggestion of a highly esteemed friend of the Telugu Mission, in America. The intention has been to give the inside view of Telugu home and social life, and thus answer the questions asked by many friends, by showing how the people live, act, feel, love, perform their part in life, and die; and describing, step by step, their advance from the darkness of heathenism into the light of the new life in Christ Jesus. It must be understood, however, that the representations of Hindu life, manners, and customs herein given, refer to the south-eastern part of India only; for in other parts of this vast empire many things may be very different.

THE AUTHOR.

ONGOLE, INDIA, July 16, 1881.

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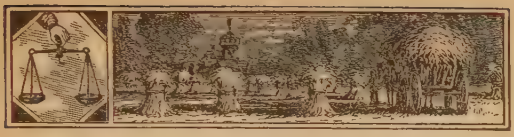

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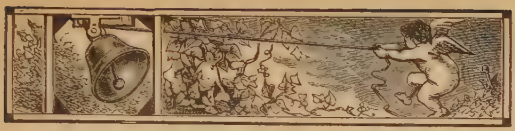


INTRODUCTION.

THE following is not a fancy picture: it is drawn from life. The scenes, the events, the characters, are well known to us. Lukshmiah and Papulama are with us daily, and we are watching with eager interest their preparation for their life-work.

In the following pages, many features in the daily life of the Hindus are faithfully portrayed by one who for years has been an eye-witness of these things, and who may emphatically be called a missionary of the people. A prominent characteristic in his missionary life, and doubtless one of the main elements of his great success, has been close, earnest, sympathetic, every-day contact with the people, in their villages far and near, as well as at the mission-house, — in their daily business, in their joys and sorrows, and all their varied experiences.

It will be a satisfaction to many readers to know that the story is not a romance, a mere creature of the imagination, like so many Eastern tales, the authors of which never saw the East. Such representations of Oriental life are about as true to the reality as those of a Hindu who had never crossed the sea would be, if he should attempt to describe American life and manners.

It is not improbable that the ideas of some readers, concerning the heathen and foreign-mission work, may be somewhat modified by a perusal of this book. For instance, it will appear, that, although people are heathen, they are not necessarily on that account degraded savages. The ancient Greeks were heathen and idolaters of the most thorough sort; for they were not satisfied with altars and temples, images and sacrifices, to all the idol gods they knew, but they included in their devotions "the unknown God." And yet they were the most intellectual and highly cultured of the ancient nations. So, to think of the Hindus as barbarians, and without mental ability or culture, is to entertain a very erroneous view of them. They are a remarkably intellectual people, and great numbers of them are educated; but oh, how much they need the religion of Jesus Christ! A Plato or a Seneca needs

the Son of God, the heavenly Deliverer. Without that all-sufficient atonement, that almighty help, that eternal love and life, what is man in any nation? This is what God, through the missionary enterprise, is leading the nations to lay hold of.

The attitude of the heathen of India towards Christianity, their attachment to their own ancient system, the difficulties which the missionary has to overcome, and the arguments he has to meet, may be somewhat new to those who are accustomed to think of "the poor dear heathen" with tearful eyes and outstretched hands, pleading with the missionary to tell them about Jesus.

Again, the qualifications needed in a missionary are somewhat different from what many suppose. Contact with such men as the Brahmin pundit, and the Mohammedan priest, and with the shrewd men whom we meet daily, calls for something more than mere goodness. Thorough, whole-hearted love to Christ and the souls of men is the *main* thing; but the work here needs the best men in every respect. It requires whole-headed as well as whole-hearted men.

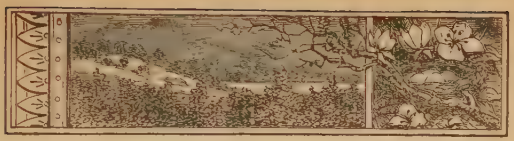
There is a general impression among us, that the day is not far distant when the people of Lukshmiah's caste, the real bone and sinew of the Telugu nation,

will, in large numbers, yield to the strong claims of the gospel of Christ, and embrace the one only religion which proclaims a real, living, loving, almighty Saviour. That will be a day of gladness and victory; for it will witness the conversion of the great middle class, which, in any nation and in any age, marks the triumph of Christianity in that land.

May the faithful picture which follows deepen the interest in the work that is going on here daily, and lead many to give their money, their hearts, their prayers, and some to dedicate even themselves, to this blessed service!

W. B. BOGGS.

RAMAPATAM, July 16, 1881.



FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

ONGOLE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

COME to India and to Ongole. Let us go to the top of that hill, half a mile west of the mission-house, and take a look at the country. The hill, though nearly a mile in circumference, is only about two hundred and forty feet high; yet the view from its top is very fine. It is known locally as the Ongole Hill; in government records, as the Ongole Trigonometrical Hill; and to the missionary world as "Prayer-meeting Hill." If you are tired we will call some bearers, and take you in a palanquin.

We wind our way up the south side of the hill. The ascent is not steep; but there are

many loose stones, and the bearers have to be careful, or they will make a misstep. We are on the top, but not at the highest point. The town of Ongole, with its red-tiled roofs, lies below us to the east and north; and there among the trees, directly east, is the mission-house, in the garden of which is the baptistery where thousands of Telugu converts have put on Christ in baptism. Near by is the spacious chapel, its white veranda-pillars showing here and there through the branches. Beyond, to the right, is the high school, and the bungalow occupied by the principal. Those large buildings near us are the public buildings occupied by the English and native officials in charge of the various government departments. Nearer, on the brow of the hill, just above the Hindu temples, is the spot where Dr. and Mrs. Jewett, with the little band of native helpers, held a prayer-meeting on that memorable New Year's Day, 1853. The hill is mostly granite, but rich magnetic-iron-ore beds crop out here and there. May not these symbolize the stability of Christianity, and the love of Him who said, "If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me"?

See, to the north, that margosa-tree surrounded by a wall. It was set out by some pious Mohammedans in fulfilment of a vow; and they frequently come there, and, with faces turned towards Mecca, pray to Allah. These large temples to the east are sacred to the worship of the Hindu gods Vishnu and Siva. Thus, you see, not only Christians, but Hindus and Mohammedans, come here to pray. We always have a service of prayer and thanksgiving with all visitors from America before we descend the hill.

Now we are at the trigonometrical landmark, the highest part of the hill. Look around! Did you ever behold a finer sight? Close below us, to the west, in the little village of Geddalagoontapalem, and near that spreading banyan-tree, is a native preacher's house. The plat of level ground a little to the left, enclosed by a wall and planted with trees, is the resting-place where a number of Telugus who have fallen asleep in Christ are already laid, among them the native preacher Obulu, the first Ongole convert. These, so unlike the multitudes of their fellow-countrymen who have passed away in the midst of heathen darkness,

die and are laid to rest in the steadfast hope of a glorious resurrection, many of them triumphantly bearing witness, even to the end, to the grace of the Lord who redeemed them. To the east, beyond that dark line of palmyra-trees, is a long silvery line stretching away to the south, and to the north-east as far as the eye can see. It is the Bay of Bengal, ten miles distant; and the village on the shore, the position of which you can just make out, is Kotapatam, the seaport of Ongole. Follow the line of the sea to the south, until it is lost to view, and there among the palm-groves is Ramapatam, the site of the Telugu Theological Seminary.

To the north and south, here and there, are isolated hills like this; but some are much larger and higher. These (so tradition says, and some of the people still believe) were dropped by Hanuman, the monkey-god, when he was conveying stones and earth from the Himalaya Mountains, on the tails of his assistants, to fill up Paumben Channel that the army of Rama might pass to Ceylon, to rescue the fair Sita from Ravana, and deliver her to her husband, and punish the wicked Ravana. With

the exception of these hills, which stand up out of the plain like islands in the sea, the country around us is almost level, and at a distance looks not unlike the broad plains of Illinois and Iowa.

The conical hill to the south-west is Tulla Conda, forty miles away. At the foot of its northern point is Tulla Condapaud, where Pariah, the venerable native preacher whose name is familiar to the readers of "Our Gold-Mine," lives with his Anama; and there the twenty-eight believers whose conversion so greatly encouraged the friends of the Telugus were baptized in January, 1867.

The hill to the west of Tulla Condapaud is called Doorgum. In former times it was strongly fortified; but its fortifications and guns were destroyed by Hyder Ali of Mysore in the eighteenth century. Most of the Hindu forts were destroyed by the English after the mutiny of 1857. That long, dark streak, like a cloud on the western horizon, is a range of hills parallel with and not far from the high Nulla Mulla range, or Eastern Ghauts, which extends to the north of us. These latter mountains are from eighty to ninety miles

away, and about three thousand feet high: they divide this part of Southern India, the plains of Madras, from the table-lands of the interior. Beyond the first line of hills lies a long valley stretching north and south, in which is situated the town of Cumbum and the great tank adjacent, an artificial lake, about twenty-two miles in circumference. The embankment enclosing this tank was constructed many years ago by the native rulers of the place. We expect this town will be occupied before long as a mission-station. Among the hills are the old Golconda diamond-mines. These were so rich that the wealth of the kings of Golconda became proverbial; but the mines are not now worked, the gold-mines of Wynaud district being more profitable.

A few years ago the Nulla Mulla Hills and that spur of the Ghauts beyond Doorgum were full of tigers, some of which became so dainty that they insisted on having a human being to dine upon almost daily. After it was found that the man-eater came regularly for his victim, and could not be destroyed, whole villages were abandoned. But the famine of 1876–1878 put an end to the ravages of tigers

in that region, as well as to multitudes of the people. Ten miles to the north, surrounded by banyan-trees, is the Traveller's Rest House, at Vilumpilly; and a quarter of a mile beyond is the Goondelacumma River, in which we baptized the converts in July, 1878.

In every direction are groves of trees, generally tamarind-trees, which indicate that a village or town is near. People in this country do not live on their farms, or isolated from each other, as many do in America. All live in villages or towns; and, in whichever direction you go, every three or four miles you will come to a village. From the point where we now stand, the view embraces not less than seven hundred towns and villages. The average village contains about five hundred people. In the days of bad and uncertain rule, the ancestors of the Telugus lived in villages for mutual aid and protection against robbers and the raids of rival chiefs, as the early settlers in America resorted to stockades for protection from the Indians. All are safe here now, and life and property are as secure as in your country; but the Hindus change and adopt reforms but slowly, if at all.

The large hill to the north-west is Seemacooty, two thousand feet high. A few miles beyond and to the west of it, is the valley of the Mooshe River, in which is the village of Ahmudala, the birthplace and home of Lukshmiah. If you wish to see a genuine Indian village, which has not been affected by European arts or manners, we will visit Ahmudala.

It is thirty-five miles from Ongole: we can reach it in two nights, and there we can see the Telugus at home. We shall have to travel by night, because few Europeans can endure the glare and heat of the sun by day. I will send my tents on, for our use while visiting the village. There is no railway to Ahmudala, no stage-coach, and no horses and carriages for travelling long distances, as at home. There are horses here, it is true; but it is with them very much as with Europeans, — they can do but little work in this climate, and are generally kept for riding or driving short distances in and about the towns.

We must go by a bandy, or cart, drawn by oxen; but we will take a pony along, on which we can ride in turn. The rate of speed is not dangerous: we will drive moderately, say about

THE MISSIONARY IN CAMP.

two miles an hour, and there will be no fear lest easy springs rock you too often to sleep.

We must take with us our cook and some one to help him, men to pitch the tents, also food, cooking-utensils, dishes, a camp-table, chairs, cots and mattresses; for with the exception of rice, a few other eatables, and some earthen cooking-pots, none of these things can be obtained in the country. The first night we will go fourteen miles, — as far as Seemacooty, a village near yonder high, precipitous hill of the same name; and the tents will be pitched in a tamarind-grove just west of the village. Here we shall remain till the cool of the next evening permits us to move on again. The tents will be necessary; as the houses of natives, however friendly the occupants may be, are generally so low and so poorly ventilated that they do not afford us either sufficient protection from the sun, or a sufficient quantity of fresh air. Besides, the ideas of our best Telugus about what real cleanliness is, and how to secure it, and about insects, are quite different from ours. This will not appear strange to you when you remember that most Hindus think the cow a sacred animal, and that with

its manure, mixed as we mix whitewash, they plaster the walls and floors of their houses frequently, for the purpose of purifying them. To kill a bug, or a fly, or a mosquito even, they consider to be a sin, and consequently these insects swarm in their houses; while more poisonous ones, with snakes and wild beasts, abound in some parts of the country. About twenty thousand people, it is estimated, are annually killed in India by wild beasts, and as many more by snakes.

You have sung and enjoyed that beautiful hymn, —

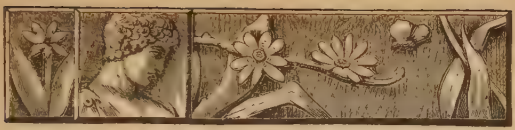
> "From Greenland's icy mountains,
> From India's coral strand.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> What though the spicy breezes
> Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, —
> Though every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile?"

Coral strands there are, and spicy breezes that generally blow softly; men are also vile enough: but the hymn misleads matter-of-fact people. It gives only one side of the picture: at least, we thought so a year or two ago, when

a cyclone knocked down thousands of houses in its path.

Two years ago I was in the roadstead of Columbo, Ceylon. We expected to go on every day, but for four days remained on our steamer. The fifth day little Ongola and Warren were so impatient to see "Ceylon's isle," and to smell "the spicy breezes," that I got the captain's consent to go ashore for a few hours. We visited the shops, and saw ivory and tortoise-shell rings and chains, and toys cunningly made. We visited the cinnamon-gardens, and were highly pleased. Then we went into the museum. There were coral, pearls, diamonds, coffee, tea, and cinnamon; but such a display of huge spiders and scorpions, deadly cobras, and reptiles of all kinds, I never saw before. After the visit to the museum, we went to a hotel, and had a lunch. The coffee and plantains and mangoes and pine-apples were nice. We were enjoying these hugely, and looking at the flowers in the open court adjoining the eating-saloon, when the chief clerk came to us, and asked very politely if we did not belong to the steamer "Eldorado." "Yes," we replied. "Then,"

continued he, "I beg your pardon for disturbing you; but it is raining, and the wind is increasing, so that in an hour from now I fear the south-west monsoon will set in, and you cannot get to your steamer." We were soon on our way; but when we reached the steamer we were dashed back and forth and up and down against its side, and it was only by the skill and strength of the quartermaster we got safely on board. Half an hour later, a large boat that brought off a cargo of coffee-sacks was broken to pieces against the iron sides of our steamer, and the crew were taken on board. Other boats would not venture to come off; and our captain gave the order, and we steamed away, taking the crew of the broken boat with us to Aden, on the Arabian coast, 2,134 miles distant. By this time you are convinced that India is not in some respects what many think it is. An American can afford to stay here to preach the gospel for Christ's sake, but for nothing else.



CHAPTER II.

LUKSHMIAH'S HOME AND FRIENDS.

BUT, while I have been relating the incidents of the previous chapter, please consider that we have been pursuing our journey, and have arrived at Ahmudala at last. It has taken us nearly two nights to get here. Bullock-carts are not so comfortable and speedy as palace-cars and railroad-trains. Our road was rough, and our bones will be a little sore for a day or so; but we can be comfortable here in our tents. Yesterday our camp was in a tamarind-grove, and, as the sap of that tree is sour, such groves are comparatively free from insects; but to-day we are in a palmyra-grove, and therefore shall have to be careful to avoid being stung or bitten by something. Before we are aware of it, too, myriads of white ants coming up out of the earth may eat our boxes,

mats, tents, and every thing which lies on the ground.

The village of Ahmudala is just to the west of us; and all is quiet, save now and again the howling of a jackal, the hooting of an owl, or the barking of dogs. By the time we can get a cup of tea the people will be up; for the morning star is now above the horizon, and most Telugu people are early risers. It is just beginning to look a little light in the east. Here come some Brahmins on their way to the tank to bathe, and to say their prayers. One of them — the one at the head of the company — is the kurnam, or town-clerk. They are repeating something over and over again as they move along. It is a prayer in Sanscrit, their sacred language. Their appearance is strange to you: they are barcheaded, and their heads are shaven with the exception of a tuft at the back; each man wears, over his breast and right shoulder, coming around under the left arm, a fine white cord, which is the "sacred thread" worn by the Brahmins and the two next lower castes, as a badge of those who are "twice born," as the Hindus say. These men have fine, intellectual features, and a very proud

and dignified bearing. Their color is a dark orange, somewhat lighter than the mass of the Telugu people, indicating, perhaps, a purer Aryan descent. How earnest they appear! They hardly notice our camp, although it must look strange to them. Yes, they are in earnest now about forms and ceremonies; but after these are over they will lie and cheat and scheme all day without any compunctions of conscience.

Let us take a walk through the village. We shall need our canes to keep off the buffaloes and dogs; and before we get back the sun will be up, therefore we must take our umbrellas also. The buffaloes in this country are domestic animals, and are kept in very large numbers to work on the farms, and to give milk. They are quite different from the bisons of the American prairies: they are very ugly in appearance, being almost black, with scarcely any hair, and very long horns, which slope back towards their shoulders. They dislike white men, and will sometimes charge on them, even on horseback.

The streets are narrow and crooked. The houses are in groups of three or four each,

facing each other; for the Telugus live after their patriarchal manner. The walls of the houses are built of mud, or of stone laid in mud, with thatched roofs, and are surrounded by a high mud wall. Still they are comfortable, as the Telugus understand comfort; and really they are not bad for this country. We have but little rain here, and a mud wall without any cover may stand for years. When kept well covered, the mud walls of a house will stand for generations; and, as clay is a non-conductor of heat, the inside is cool in the hot season; and the solid walls afford good protection from the chilly winds of the cold season, which is very desirable, as fuel is scarce, and cannot be used by the common people, save in the most economical manner.

The different castes live separately, each caste in a hamlet by itself. This is the Brahmin hamlet. The men have gone to the tank to bathe, and some of the women also. Some of the old women and young girls are busy sprinkling water and sweeping about the door and yard; while others mark, with white and red clay, fantastic figures of gods and goddesses on the ground before the doors. We are strangers;

and they are shy, and go inside their houses as we approach.

Let us pass on to the Chetties', or merchants', hamlet. The houses are built out to the street, and have a veranda over the front door. Under this veranda each merchant puts his goods, keeping his clothing in piles, and grain, condiments, and such articles as are commonly called for, in baskets; and taking his seat on a mat he waits for buyers. They are all very busy now: they expect large sales to-day, as we are here, and many Christians will come from the surrounding villages to see us. The women and boys are pounding paddy and castor-oil beans, preparing the rice for eating, and oil for medicine and for the lamps of their customers. The stone mortars in which they pound the paddy and oil-beans are made by drilling in a solid stone about eighteen inches high, a hole which will hold about two quarts. The grain is put in this excavation; and a woman standing on each side of the stone, with a long wooden pestle shod with an iron band, throws it first with one hand, then with the other, into the mortar. In this way the shuck is beaten off the paddy, and then separated from the rice by

the wind, or by dexterously tossing it up from a fan made of bamboo-splints, and shaped something like a scoop-shovel. The oil-seeds, after being pounded, are taken out and boiled in water; and when cooled the oil is strained off.

We will now go to the Sudras', or artisans', hamlet. The first houses belong to goldsmiths, and are built like the Chetties' houses. The washermen and potters live in those houses a few feet back from the street. You can always tell where they are by the donkeys about their doors and yards, which the washermen use to carry clothes to and from the place of washing; and the potters, to bring the clay for the wares they make, which they frequently go some distance to obtain.

Now we are at the old home of Lukshmiah. His father is a leading man, and is a brother of the moonsiff, or village magistrate, which is an hereditary office. He is a farmer of the Kumma caste, one of the highest of the numerous subdivisions of the Sudra caste. The house, or houses, — for there are four of them, — are surrounded by a high mud wall, which encloses them within a court. The long seat at the entrance is made of mud and stone; and here

the men meet their friends on pleasant evenings, and chat and smoke. Uppiah Naidu, Lukshmiah's father, sees us, and comes smilingly to greet us. He is a tall, fine-looking man, with an open countenance, whom you like at once. Had he been educated in a Christian land, you would not fear to trust him in any thing. He is a widower. Seetama, his wife, evidently a superior woman, to whom he was greatly attached, died about two years ago; and he, with his eldest son, lives in the first or largest house. An older brother, Babiah Naidu the moonsiff, and his wife Mungama, live in the corner house. A younger brother, and his wife Soobama, live in the third house; while some relatives engaged as helpers occupy the other building. The court is used in common.

The brothers of Uppiah Naidu are good men for Hindus, but with less force of character and intellectual capacity than he. You can see that Mungama is a kind-hearted, trusting, motherly woman, and is evidently greatly honored by all the family. Soobama, the wife of Uppiah Naidu's younger brother, is of a very different temper from her sister-in-law. Her

thin, sharp nose, small, piercing eyes, and ever-changing expression of countenance, indicate a peculiar character, and a probability that she sometimes makes her husband and all about her very uncomfortable. Ramiah, the eldest son of Uppiah Naidu, is somewhat lacking in force of character and ability to excel. He is a good-natured, hard-working man, but not fitted for a leader, and all feel that he can never take his father's place; which was one of the chief causes of the father's grief when his son Lukshmiah became a Christian.

Let us look about. In the yard adjoining the court, there are three yoke of bullocks. Telugu farmers reckon their wealth by the number of oxen, hence Uppiah Naidu must be a well-to-do man. Those pits in the ground, ten or twelve feet deep, are not wells, but places in which they store grain. Chaff or straw is laid around the edges, and the grain poured in and then buried, just as farmers in new parts of America bury their potatoes to keep them from freezing during the winter. It is not to keep the grain from freezing, that the Telugus bury it, for we never have any frost here; but grain is thought to be more wholesome after it

has been buried a while, and, besides, when under ground, it is secure from thieves.

In the court by the oxen, are ploughs, — which are only crooked sticks shod with iron, — seed-drills, and carts, the wheels of which are made of planks, also the ropes and wheels by means of which the oxen lift the water from the wells to irrigate the land. There are wooden pitch-forks, curiously shaped hoes and axes, spinning-wheels for cotton thread, stone mortars and pestles for pounding paddy and castor-oil beans, cots (which are always put in the sun during the day), chickens, and children. Things look rather confused to us; but Uppiah Naidu and his family think every thing in perfect order. Let us go on, for the sun is getting hot. We shall have occasion to see the family again before we leave. Uppiah Naidu has brought us some sweet milk, and also some buttermilk: as this is considered the highest family etiquette, we must take some. We will then say our salaams, and go to our camp.

That is a shrine to the god Ramaswamy which we just passed. Generally the shrines to Ramaswamy, and to Polarumma, Ma Lukshmi, Bungaramma, and Narasimha, found in

villages, are small, rude structures, eight or ten feet square, and six or eight feet high, built of stone and mud, and whitewashed like this one. The image inside may show considerable art; but most of them are rude affairs, and frequently only rough stones, daubed over with red or white clay and saffron.

Those people in the bamboo huts are called Yerukula. They wear but little clothing, and are probably the remains of an aboriginal tribe. They lead a wandering life, camping a few days in a place, taking their huts and fowls with them on the backs of donkeys, the pigs and dogs following. They profess to live by making baskets of bamboo-splints, but are great thieves. They are the gypsies of India. We have a few noble Christians living in the Madega hamlet, away to the south, there; but you will make their acquaintance hereafter. I may say now, that the Christians and Madegas and Malas live in houses, and in a similar manner to the Sudras whom we have just visited; but many of them are not as well off as Uppiah Naidu, and hence they have smaller houses and fewer comforts.

We are at our tent; and it is yet early.

Should we visit the village an hour from now, we should not see so many people. The Sudras or artisans, after partaking of a light meal of rice, or some cooked grain and milk or condiments, go to their work. The farmer goes to the fields; the washerman to the tank, to wash the clothes by beating them over a long, smooth flat stone in the edge of the water; the potter to his clay, to beat it out for pots; the ironsmith to his bellows; and the goldsmith to the veranda in the front of his house, where, despite his rude tools, he produces silver-ware of such clever workmanship that it commands the admiration of the jewellers of the world. At noon all will partake of another light meal, and sit and chat, or sleep an hour or two in the shade, and then go to their work again. At dark they will suspend work; and after an hour or so spent in talking of the events of the day, and any news from relatives and friends, they will partake of the hearty meal of the day, consisting of rice, or some kind of grain, and curry, which is the universal accompaniment of rice in India. It is composed of a variety of spices, with a large proportion of red peppers. This is cooked with meat, or eggs, or vegeta-

bles, in the form of a thick gravy, which is poured over the rice, the whole being then eaten with the hand. The food of a Hindu, to be palatable, must be hot. The evening meal finished, all indulge in smoking cigars for a little while, then retire at an early hour.

CHAPTER III.

CEREMONIES AT LUKSHMIAH'S BIRTH.

ONE morning, about the year 1858, there was an unusual commotion in Ahmudala. The men smiled, and made lower salaams to each other than was their wont. The women gathered in groups at the wells, where all local gossip is heard and discussed; and even the children looked happy and expectant, for now that Uppiah Naidu had a young son in his house, and the child was strong and well, and also Seetama his mother, would not the kind father give them some sweetmeats? There was room for hope; and that, even, will make a Hindu, as well as an American boy, happy for one day at least.

Uppiah Naidu's wish had been gratified. Although he had one son, yet he did not promise to make a man of strong mind. In fact, he

was thought to be almost idiotic ; and, having been born on an unlucky day, the gods and fate were against him. Uppiah Naidu and Seetama had longed for another son, and had often prayed to the god Ganesa, and given presents to him, that their desire might be gratified ; and now it was even as they wished. Another son had come ; which fact assured the father that his name would be perpetuated, — a thought dear to every Telugu, — and that the leading position which he held among his fellow-villagers would not pass to others. Now he need not dread old age, because this son would care for him ; and when he should depart, as had his fathers, this son would follow him to the grave, and weep over it, and yearly revisit it to burn incense and worship him there.

As soon as the women of Seetama's caste and a few other intimate friends, including the wife of Kristna Row, the kurnam, had brought the day's supply of water, and had given their husbands and sons their early breakfast, they hurried to the house of Uppiah Naidu to congratulate Seetama, and to see the new son. Seetama was a general favorite, and often interceded with her husband when, as a leading

man, or on behalf of the moonsiff, he had reprimanded them, or tried their sons for real or imaginary offences against unfriendly parties.

These women in their ignorance meant well when they admonished Seetama to pray to Ganesa constantly, and cautioned the nurse to be very careful and not leave the child in the dark, and told her to be sure, after lighting the lamp in the evening, to move it in a circle around the child three times, and then touch the ground with it, and afterwards put it in the niche in the wall, and worship it. By doing this, evil spirits would be kept away by night. And, that evil spirits might not harm the child by day, they admonished the nurse over and over to be sure, after bathing the child in the morning, to take some of the dust from the bottom of her foot, and put it on the child's forehead. Soobama, who was now in her element, assured all the friends that she should see to it that nothing was left undone, and that all the rules of their caste would be observed, and the gods propitiated. Every visitor had some advice to give; and all, of course, declared the baby to be uncommonly handsome, and the very image of both father and mother.

When their friends were gone, Seetama and the babe were left alone in a small room. True, the nurse was attentive, and occasionally, notwithstanding the rules of caste, Uppiah Naidu came to the door, and inquired kindly about his wife. But for three days poor Seetama was allowed nothing to eat, and nothing to drink save tepid water. On the fourth day a porridge, made of rice and some condiments, was given to her; but this was allowed only once a day. When the child was nine days old the women, friends of the family, came again, each carrying a pot of water and some fuel. Each walked into the court before Seetama's room, made a fire, heated the water until it was tepid, then in turn they poured the water over the mother, meantime rubbing her with their hands, chanting songs of praise to some favorite god, and imploring blessings on Seetama and her son. After this ceremony was completed, four stones were brought, and placed before Seetama; large leaves instead of plates, on which were cooked rice and pieces of money, were placed before these stone idols, which Seetama worshipped: she was then considered purified, and could leave her room, and mingle with caste-people.

As soon as Seetama was pronounced clean by the women, she rose, dressed herself in her best clothes, put on her jewels, and prepared to entertain all her female friends; for according to the rules of their caste, which may not be broken with impunity, a feast must now be served to all of them.

After this feast was over, the Brahmin astrologer, who had been called from Podala, a large town a few miles away, came to write the child's horoscope, and give it a name. He carefully inquired the day and hour of the child's birth, and then professedly went into a long calculation to see what planets were in conjunction on that day and hour. But at last, rising, he said that the day of birth was unlucky, and that for fifteen days the parents and friends must worship Ganesa, and give presents to Brahmins, that they might feast and rejoice, and, by prayers, get the unlucky day changed.

Uppiah Naidu and Seetama were sad. Their son, whom they had doted on for these nine days, had been born at an unlucky time. They believed, it is true, that the astrologer and other Brahmins might get the unlucky hour changed;

but then, what if they should not? They determined, however, to do their best: Ganesa was worshipped daily, and feasts made to his honor. Presents of fine clothes and money were sent to the astrologer; and grain, clarified butter, and sweetmeats were sent liberally to all the Brahmins in Ahmudala, and to Kristna Row a double portion. On the fifteenth day after the first visit, the astrologer came again. The marks on the child's forehead, and on the palms of the hand, and the skull, were examined carefully; and again, after repeating his prayers in Sanscrit, the astrologer consulted his books. Uppiah and Seetama and all their friends, with great anxiety, awaited the result.

At last the calculations were over, and the conclusion was reached. The prayers of the Brahmins and feasts to Ganesa had prevailed, and the day of the child's birth was declared now to be propitious. Then he proceeded to write out the horoscope of the child, which told how many times he would escape a violent death by snakes, tigers, and robbers; whether he would be rich or poor, lucky or unlucky; and how long he would live. Of course, now that the day had been made propitious, the

horoscope was not lacking in predictions of good. The child was to excel his father in wisdom, his mother in goodness and beauty, and was to be made a moonsiff in some village. It also said that the fields over which he walked would produce a bountiful harvest, and that he would accumulate wealth, have many honorable sons and fair daughters, and die at a good old age, mourned by everybody. The horoscope was read aloud, and then delivered to the delighted father and mother; and the astrologer in exchange received a bag of silver rupees. After this the child was consecrated to the god Lukshmanaswamy by the wish of his aunt Soobama, and was named Lukshmiah in honor of his patron god.

CHAPTER IV.

LUKSHMIAH'S PRESENTATION TO THE GOD.

WHEN little Lukshmiah was about three months old, Seetama told her husband that the time had come when their son should be presented before his patron god. Uppiah Naidu was not lacking in zeal for his religion and the customs of his ancestors; but he pleaded that he was very busy superintending the sowing of his fields, and assisting Kristna Row and the moonsiff in collecting and forwarding the taxes; and as it would take a month to go to Budrachalem, and perform the ceremonies, he asked if they would not better delay for a time. Seetama felt disappointed, and urged that they should lose no time in presenting their son to the god, whose favor would thus be more readily gained. Uppiah Naidu went away, saying that her words

were judicious, and that he would see what could be done. When the women were alone, Seetama told Mungama and Soobama what she had proposed to her husband. They all agreed that the delay would not be well; for the god Lukshmanaswamy was more important than Government, and they feared that perhaps some of their village people, who were a little jealous of Uppiah Naidu's good fortune, would laugh, and say that the child was not presented to its god because its parents were too poor to give the customary present to the priest. This last might have been a strong motive for Seetama's urgency; for, when the parents of a child cannot afford the expense of going to the temple, the child's head must be shaven, and the hair, tied in a cloth, must be hung to the peak of the roof of the house until sufficient money is obtained. But until the child's hair has been presented to the priests, the fee given, and the idol worshipped, the child may not participate in any festival.

In the evening, after Uppiah Naidu had finished his supper, — which Seetama took care should be a good one, such as he liked, — and the men were all seated in the court taking the

usual smoke before retiring for the night, Seetama asked Uppiah Naidu what he had decided about presenting their son to the idol. Soobama and Mungama were both present; and Mungama remarked, in her quiet way, that there ought not to be any delay in presenting the child to his patron god. Soobama asserted that the brother of the moonsiff of Ahmudala should not delay an hour on account of work, to do according to the traditions of caste. It would be a shame, and would cause remark; the good name of the family, kept honorable by the sacrifices and offerings of their ancestors, and still respected by the gods, would be injured; and then the patron god himself might be angry with them. All remembered instances when the parents had neglected their duty, and the child died or turned out badly.

"At any rate," put in Seetama, "we all love our boy. He is the eyes of his father and mother, and a favorite with you all. The astrologer says that he is to be a man of importance, and to be in favor with gods and men. Shall we then, while he is a child, slam the door in the face of fate?"

The women had gained their point; and

before the cigars were thrown away it was decided to consult with the priest of the local temple of Lukshmanaswamy, and then to act as he should direct. The next morning Uppiah Naidu was awakened early by his wife; and just after the morning star appeared he repaired to the temple, and found that the priest, about starting for his morning ablution, would not stop to converse. Uppiah Naidu went away to see some men who had not yet paid their taxes, and after an hour returned to the temple. The priest had bathed, and put three marks on his forehead to show that he was a worshipper of Vishnu, and that he had performed his daily ablution, and said his morning prayers, and therefore was ready to attend to the business of the day. Uppiah Naidu told him what he wanted, and added, that, as it was nearly two hundred miles to Budrachalam, he would like to perform the ceremony in Ahmudala, if that would be acceptable to the god. After some time spent in contemplation, the priest raised his eyes, and said, —

"Budrachalam was the birthplace of Lukshmanaswamy, whose priest I am. The great temple where he now delights to stay is there.

The high priest is there. This is only a local temple, and the like of it is in nearly every village of South India. It is not proper for the great ceremonies of the rich, and for the sacred locks of his worshippers to lie in these local places. Hence ultimately you must go to Budrachalam, and take the locks of hair from your child's head there, and deliver them with proper ceremonies and presents to the high priest. But as the place is distant, and your work urgent, my most noble master will excuse you for the present, if you perform your ceremonies here, and then make a feast for three days to his honor, with music and dancing in yonder grove."

This meant a large expense, but Uppiah Naidu knew there was no appeal. The priest must be obeyed, or else his child might be destroyed. He went to his house with a look of sadness on his face; for he knew not how to meet the expense of the three-days' feast. Seetama was alarmed when she saw her husband's look, and eagerly asked what was the matter. He told her all; and, after a long talk with his brothers, it was decided to commence the ceremony the next day.

The next morning, at an early hour, the family barber made his appearance with a sharp razor. Little Lukshmiah's head was to be shaved. He was held by his mother; but he evidently did not fancy this part of the ceremony, for he screamed fearfully. But his head was at last shaven clean; and Seetama took the tiny black locks, and tied them up carefully in a new white cloth. The whole family then went in procession to the temple of Lukshmanaswamy. The priest was called, and the locks of hair were delivered to him temporarily for safe keeping. At the same time Uppiah Naidu gave to him a purse of money.

After this, all were led to the temple, and the child was placed before the idol. The palms of the child's hands were put together, and then raised to its forehead. Its body was then made to bow down to the ground; when this was done, all worshipped the idol as the child had been made to do. Then the priest took a bell-shaped brazen cup, and placed it, bottom down, first on the child's head, and then on the bare head of each of the company. All then went to the grove indicated the day before by the priest, and commenced the festival of

music and songs and dancing, in honor of Lukshmanaswamy, as directed by the priest. For two days and two nights, there was but little sleep and little work in Ahmudala. All turned out to honor their popular fellow townsman. On the morning of the third day Lukshmanaswamy was said to be satisfied with the honors paid to him, and all returned to their homes and work.

CHAPTER V.

TEACHINGS OF HINDUISM.

SEETAMA watched over her son very carefully. When it was necessary for her to go to the bazaar, or to the well for water, she placed little Lukshmiah in care of either Mungama or Soobama; charging them to be careful and not let him creep to places where scorpions might sting him, or allow harm to come to him in any way. She carefully observed all the rites of her caste, remembering each evening to worship the light after moving it around the child's head. Silver images of Hanuman, the monkey-god, and of Kristna, were tied around his body and neck, that those gods might help ward off the evil spirits which are the great dread of most Hindus. If the child sneezed, Seetama or Soobama, or whoever heard the noise, would ejaculate

"Suthyam," which, thus used, means "May good only come!" or "Good will come." If the little Lukshmiah yawned, they snapped their fingers, which they supposed would counteract any harm which he might have received while yawning; for evil spirits, ever lurking around, might have gained an entrance into him while his mouth was open. When Lukshmiah was older, and came into the house from play, a cup of lime-water and saffron, in which were dropped a few grains of rice, was waved before him, and then thrown into the street as an offering to any unknown god that might have seen the child, and meditated evil against him.

During the eclipses of the sun and moon, — which are caused, it is supposed, by the great snake trying to swallow them, — Seetama carefully fasted herself, and kept food from Lukshmiah, fearing that it would turn to worms, until the Brahmin family priest had announced that the muntras of Brahmins had prevailed, and that the snake had gone back to his own place. Besides these minor precautions, every evening after bathing her child she took him to the temple, and, seating him before the image

of Lukshmanaswamy, caused him to worship it as when he was first presented to it. As soon as Lukshmiah was of sufficient age to understand a little, the mother, or Soobama (for sometimes she would go instead of Seetama), after setting him in a position near the idol, would say, "See our god, see our god, see how big and wonderful he looks! He is our preserver; we can do nothing without him: worship him, worship him, dear!"

But other gods were not neglected. The shrines dedicated to Ma Lukshmi the goddess of cholera, and to Polarumma the goddess of small-pox and other skin-diseases, and the temple of Ramaswamy the brother of Lukshmanaswamy, and many others, were frequently visited; while every evening when the moon appeared it was worshipped. Seetama occasionally took milk and clarified butter to white-ant hills, in which cobras, the most venomous of snakes, frequently live; and, after walking three times around the hill, poured the milk and clarified butter into clay plates, and, with her hands raised to her forehead, prayed that when the cobra inside partook of these, the deity Nagarapamma would be propitiated, and keep all snakes from biting her child.

Once a year the agricultural implements used by the family were put in a heap in the court, and worshipped. Once a year, also, the whole family went to the place where their ancestors were buried, accompanied by the Brahmin family priest, and burned incense and said muntras. Afterwards a feast was made at home, to which a number of the leading men of the village were invited. At other times, when there was a scarcity of water in the tank or wells, or when the rains were withheld, or when too much rain came, Gungama, the goddess of water, was worshipped. And then there were Nundiswamy, and sacred bulls, and gods and goddesses without number, none of which could be slighted with impunity. The good were worshipped that they might be kindly disposed and help the worshipper; and the bad, through fear of injury they might do if neglected or despised.

In the evening and after the midday meal, Seetama, Soobama, and their visitors would gather all the children belonging to the family, ten or twelve in all, and tell these stories of visions, and gods and goddesses: —

"Brahmins tell us that the origin of the name

of Nellore district was on this wise. Once there was a chief by the name of Mukkanti Reddi, who had large herds of cattle. The soul of a Brahmin woman entered into one of the cows. The cow had a revelation that Siva had appeared on earth in the form of a lingum ; and she daily resorted to this stone, situated under a Nelli-tree [*Philanthus emblica*], and bedewed it with her milk. The owner of the cow noticed the small quantity of milk she gave, and charged the herdsman with theft or negligence. Afterwards the herdsman watched the cow ; and, when he saw what she did, he struck the stone with his sword, when blood flowed from it. Thereupon the herdsman was much frightened, and reported the circumstance to his master, who shortly afterwards had a vision in which he saw the lingum, and was directed to build a temple on the spot. The village, and afterwards the district, received the name of Nelli-ur from the Nelli-tree."

"You must be very careful and not offend Brahmins, for their curses are terrible. Our great god Vishnu has many names, and each one personifies some characteristic or deed. He is a type of the sun, and, like the great

Brahma and Siva, represents time, past, present, and future, and sometimes, in our belief, the earth, the air, and space. Though so powerful, he was once cursed by the Brahmin sage Bhriga, and condemned to ten mortal births. He has already come nine times, and he must come again in the form of a white horse."

"When Vishnu was on earth he did many good deeds. Once a gigantic demon and prince of the lower world, named Hirinacheren, rolled up the earth into a shapeless mass, and carried it down to his abode. Vishnu followed him thither in the shape of a hog, killed him with his tusk, and restored the world to its original place. In another incarnation, that of Krishna, Vishnu lifted the great mountain Govarddhana from its rocky base, and for seven days held it on the tip of one of his fingers over the inhabitants of Gokula, as an umbrella to protect them from rain."

"Many generations ago, there were great kings in India. One of these, Priyaurat, drove his chariot seven times around the world, and by the indentations of the wheels scooped out the seven concentric oceans. The Brahmin sage Agastya in three swallows drank these

oceans dry; and when he spat it out again it was salt water, or the sea next to this earth. Nahusha, who had become a great king, one day, by accident, ruffled a lock of Agastya's hair. Thereupon the sage cursed him, and turned him into a snake."

"Our Puranas teach that there are six other continents or islands in this world, besides the one we live in. These are separated from each other by as many seas of different liquids. Our island, Jambu-dwipa, is in the centre, and is surrounded by salt water. The next continent, Plaksha-dwipa, which surrounds this sea of salt water, is surrounded by a sea of sugar-cane juice. Next come the continents of Shalmali, Krisha Krauncha, Shaka, and Pushkara dwipas. Beyond this last continent, is a continent of gold; beyond this is a chain of mountains called Loka-loka; beyond the mountains is a land of darkness; and beyond all is the shell of the great egg."

"The great Mount Meru stands in the midst of the central continent, Jambu, and is shaped like the seed-vessel of the red lotus. Its height is one million ninety-two thousand miles, and it extends twenty-eight thousand

miles below the surface of the earth. The circumference of this mountain at the earth is two hundred and eight thousand miles, and its breadth at the top is four hundred and sixteen thousand miles. It terminates in three most beautiful peaks, the middle one of which is crowned with many smaller peaks. On the south side of Mount Meru stands the fragrant Navel, or Jambu-tree. The juice of the luscious fruit forms a vast river called Sampunata, which, after encircling the wide base of Mount Meru, flows toward the north. All who drink of its waters have their bodies turned into gold, and live thirteen thousand years."

"Hanuman, the monkey-god, was one night gathering plants and flowers on a mountain for the goddess Sita. He was afraid it would become morning before he secured all the flowers he wished: so he seized the sun, and, putting the mighty orb under one arm, carried it off to the camp of Rama. At another time Hanuman, when he was aiding Rama to construct the mound between Rameshwar and Ceylon, brought millions of cart-loads of stone each trip, — a whole mountain, sometimes, on the end of each hair of his body."

The children were assured that whoever went to Cotapaswamy, the local name for Hanuman, and worshipped him, and gave a present to the priest, and afterwards put a stone on his head, and went three times around the hill on which the temple stands, would neither fall sick nor meet with any accident for a year. And if any one, after worshipping the idol, drove his bullocks, cows, and goats around the hill, they would not die, but would increase rapidly, and that if this was done yearly the owner would soon become rich. Instances were given to prove the truth of this saying, and of the punishment meted out to any who neglected to honor the god of the monkeys.

Besides the history of the fabled nine incarnations of Vishnu, the tricks and amours of Krishna, the beauty of Sita, the gallantry and valor of Rama her husband, the need of the prayers of Brahmins, and the horrors that come to those whom they curse, with all the wonderful stories of Hindu mythology, were told and listened to breathlessly for the hundredth time.

The Hindu doctrine of fate and transmigration had warm advocates and willing believers.

If a neighbor died, or ill fortune came upon him, or if too much rain came, or too little, or evil of any kind, Seetama and Soobama and all the women unhesitatingly ascribed the cause to some god, and said that all was in accordance with the unalterable decrees of fate.

They believed in the transmigration of souls. They thought that they had existed in some form in the world before, and hoped, by doing well in this life, to receive good in the next. They believed, also, that men receive good or evil here, according as they have acted in their former existence; and that the highest happiness to any one is to be absorbed into and become one with the supreme being. Hell was believed to consist in the soul being sent into an inferior animal or a filthy creature. This might be repeated once or a thousand times, according to the sins committed. If a man had money and servants in abundance, they supposed that he was very good in the former state. On the other hand, if a man was a leper, or a lunatic, or blind, or suffering from any hereditary disease, it was supposed to be the result of his evil deeds in a former existence.

The children were daily taught that it was a sin to kill insects or any living thing, because they might kill a former friend of the family, or some other human being. They were also taught to be kind, and this story was told them: "Once a man wanted a ram to sacrifice to his god. He went to the fields, and bought a nice one of the shepherds. When he was taking it away he was not kind to it, but beat it quite unreasonably. At this the ram broke out in a loud laugh. The owner was frightened, and asked why he laughed. The ram said, 'Oh! never mind: it was nothing much.' But the man insisted on knowing the reason. The ram then replied, 'I am your property, and must do as you command. In the next life you are to be a ram, and I am to be a man, and I shall treat you as you now treat me.'"

Some other things were taught the children by Seetama, which will also bear repeating. She often said to them, "One sacred book, — which one, I do not know, for I am a woman, and cannot read, — speaking of the next birth, says, if any one steals a Brahmin's property, he will be a crocodile or water-snake; if any one steals fruit, he will be a monkey; if any

one steals corn, he will be a mouse or a rat; if any one steals oil, he will be an insect; he who steals a deer will be a wolf; he who steals precious stones will grow as grass for a thousand times; he who is an angry man, and takes revenge, will be a tiger or a lion or some ferocious beast; he who is licentious will be an unclean bird, or a worm, or an insect; he who drinks liquor will have black teeth; and he who backbites or defames another shall have foul breath."

CHAPTER VI.

LUKSHMIAH'S MARRIAGE.

WHEN Lukshmiah was about fourteen years of age, Seetama thought it was time for him to be married; for among the Hindus it is customary for the marriage-contract to be settled by the parents, and the ceremony to be celebrated while the parties are still children, though they do not live together till they are grown young men and women. She talked the subject over with Mungama and Soobama, and understood the importance of getting them to unite in, or at least not to oppose, the request she wished to make of her husband and his brothers. Mungama was always ready to please her sister, and Soobama did not oppose for various reasons. She did not particularly fancy the humdrum, every-day life she led, but relished something more excit-

ing, and she knew that the ceremonies would give her a fine opportunity to display the new jewelry her husband had just given her; then she was fond of music, and liked to see dancing and fire-works, and enjoyed good things to eat. Besides, she was really very fond of Lukshmiah, her nephew; and hence she readily entered into Seetama's plans.

"But what girls are there available, from whom to select a wife for our son?" asked Mungama. "You know the rules of our caste must be followed."

"Of course they must," said Soobama. "I had not thought about that."

"I have carefully considered the whole subject," replied Seetama. "I have three brothers, one of whom lives in Garla. He has a beautiful girl eight years old, bright and comely. The gods have specially favored her. Her form is like the antelope, her eyes like the fawn, her disposition like the wild dove, and I am pleased with her."

"Very good," said Mungama. "But do you think they will give her in marriage to Lukshmiah? I hear they are very proud."

"Perhaps they may not, but we can see," answered Seetama.

"I do not think there is any one too good for my nephew in all Garla," said Soobama. "Besides, is not our family equal to theirs?"

"Yes," said Mungama; "but they have more money than we have."

"Well, she is not the only girl," replied Seetama. "My other brothers have daughters. One is an affectionate and lovely girl of ten years; but the other is only seven, and is noted for her temper and stubbornness."

Mungama and Soobama both thought the younger girl too young, but that she might do if neither of the others could be had. It was decided that it would be best to act at once, because Lukshmiah was of such an age, that, if he was not married, idols personifying him and his bride must be made, and these must be married; else the gods, being slighted and angry, would bring evil upon them, and they would have to make a great feast, and incur much expense to appease their wrath.

That evening after supper Seetama told her husband and his brother Babiah Naidu what she and Mungama and Soobama had been talking about, the conclusions they had reached, and all about the three girls, daughters of her

three brothers. A long discussion followed, in which Uppiah Naidu and his brothers and their wives engaged: for women in this part of India, except here and there a few, converse freely with their husbands when at home; and while the men theoretically believe the women inferior to themselves, and created to administer to their pleasure, yet practically the women are loved, and in the end, if not at first, have their own way in affairs at home, perhaps quite as much as their sisters in America.

It was decided that Uppiah Naidu should go the next day to Garla, and talk with his wife's younger brother Ramiah; and that, if unsuccessful, he should next go to the second brother, who lived in Saodary; and, last of all, if necessary, to Samanta, to Pulliah, Seetama's third brother.

As soon as the crows began to caw the next morning, the sign that day was beginning to appear, Seetama wakened her husband; and, after receiving many words of cheer for himself and messages for her brothers and their families, he started on his errand. His brother-in-law Ramiah received him kindly, and Uppiah Naidu soon made known the object of his visit.

This was not unexpected; and hence Ramiah soon gave an answer. On account of his position and wealth, and of the beauty and many good qualities of Ramaka his daughter, he demanded that jewels to the value of two hundred rupees should be presented to her, that marriage ceremonies and feasts be made which would cost a thousand rupees, and stipulated that Uppiah Naidu should pay all the expense, and that Ramaka should be kept as the station of her father demanded.

While Uppiah Naidu could not object to the demands of his brother-in-law, yet the terms placed the beautiful Ramaka beyond his reach, for he could not command so much money. After partaking of some refreshments, Uppiah Naidu started for Saodary, where Seetama's brother Pediah lived. He made known his errand, but was overheard by both little Narasama and her mother. Narasama burst into tears, and flung her arms around her mother, and begged her not to let her go, but to send her uncle Uppiah Naidu away, as she could not leave her home. The mother was not much less moved than her child; for she was an only daughter, and the affection between them was great.

When Uppiah Naidu and Narasama's father saw what a commotion had been caused, and how Narasama felt, both were too kind-hearted to pursue the subject further; for the Telugus are not lacking in love for their children. They assured Narasama that she should not be taken away from her mother; and a little while later, after her uncle had given her some sweetmeats, and talked to her kindly, she dried her tears, and was happy again.

After spending a pleasant evening with his relative, during which time all the affairs of the two families were discussed, they retired; and early the next morning Uppiah Naidu, bidding the family good-morning in the usual way, with salaams and a few kindly words, started for Samanta. His brother-in-law Pulliah gave him a hearty welcome. The daughter Dilama was there, and was such a girl as Seetama had judged her to be: but she rather pleased Uppiah Naidu; and Dilama, who had seen her uncle several times, and had often heard her father and mother speak of him and her aunt Seetama, was talkative.

Uppiah Naidu's errand was made known, and received favorably; and the terms of betrothal

were agreed to. Jewelry to the amount of fifty rupees was to be given by Uppiah Naidu to Dilama, and twenty rupees, for any miscellaneous expenses, to the father. If, after the marriage was over, all the twenty rupees were not expended, Dilama's father was to take the remainder, and buy a gold ornament for her neck. In short, the whole expense of the marriage was to be borne by Uppiah Naidu, and he could expend much or little as he pleased. Uppiah Naidu returned to his house, and reported what he had done. If all were not quite satisfied, they agreed that nothing better could be done, and that Dilama was fated to be Lukshmiah's wife.

On the morning of the third day after Uppiah Naidu returned home, he and his oldest brother, Seetama, and two other friends, took the betrothal presents, consisting of one neck-jewel, one rich quaka (dress), five jackets, and five cocoa-nuts, for Dilama, and twelve pounds of betel-nuts, and one thousand of the spicy leaves of the chavica betel-vine, and set out for Samanta. These presents were all placed on clean sheets in the court before Pulliah's house, and then the head men of the village

and friends were invited to come and see them. When this was over, the things designed for Dilama were presented to the delighted child; and the betel-nuts and spicy leaves were counted out, five of each in a heap. One heap was put aside for Vishnu, another heap for the god Parrental, and a third for the Rajah or petty king who has the revenue of Samanta. Then, commencing with the magistrate of the village, each in turn, according to his social standing, received five of the nuts and five of the leaves until all were gone. Uppiah Naidu then invited all to come to the marriage of his son and his brother-in-law's Dilama, which was to take place three days later in his own village.

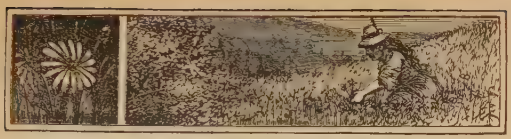
According to promise, early on the morning of the third day after the presents had been delivered, Pulliah, with little Dilama, her mother, and a few friends, started for Ahmudala, where he arrived early in the evening. When just at the edge of the town, Uppiah Naidu, Seetama, and some others, with music and dancers, went out to meet them, leading a horse on which little Dilama was placed and then taken in procession to their house, when all went into the court.

The Brahmin family priest was in readiness, and Lukshmiah and Dilama were placed side by side. Dilama's mother stood near to her, and Seetama near Lukshmiah. The priest stood up before them, and began saying muntras (prayers in Sanscrit); while he was doing this, the bridegroom took rice which had been made yellow with saffron in both his hands, and poured it three times on Dilama's head, when she in turn did the same to him. All had been cautioned not to sneeze while this ceremony was being performed; because sneezing at such a time is a sign of bad luck, and the offender would be driven off in disgrace, and the ceremony postponed.

After the muntras were said, the priest tied to the neck of the bride a small golden ornament, which is always a token of marriage, and a wreath of chavica betel-vine leaves around the wrist of both bride and bridegroom; after which no impure person or one of a low caste is allowed to touch them. After this, the priest led them outside of the court; and they worshipped the constellation Ursa Major, the fabled wife of the celebrated sage Vasishtha, which is always pointed out as an example of

chastity. If it appears plainly, the marriage is thought to be auspicious, and the bride and bridegroom will live long and happily together.

Next there was music and dancing: not by the bride and bridegroom, but by hired dancing-girls, professionally bad women; for no chaste or respectable woman in India dances. When daylight came, Lukshmiah was put upon a horse, the bride was placed behind him, and they were led through all the streets of Ahmudala. They were accompanied by the musicians with fifes, flutes, tomtoms, and drums, and by the dancing-girls; the latter walking before and stopping every few rods to dance, with specially loud music. This ceremony lasted five days, with no intermission except when actually necessary to eat and sleep. Then Lukshmiah untied the wreath of chavica betel-vine leaves from the wrist of Dilama, who did the same for him; and the marriage was declared by Uppiah Naidu, his brother Babiah, and Dilama's father, to be completed in due form, according to the rules of caste and the customs of their ancestors.



CHAPTER VII.

SEED SOWN.

SOME two years after the events described in the last chapter, the native preacher Bezwarah Condiah, sometimes called Paul, on his way from Ongole to his field of labor, passed through Ahmudala. He went to the Madega hamlet for water, and to rest for an hour during the heat of the day. A number of the villagers soon gathered about him to learn his name, village, and occupation, where he was going, and any news of interest he might have. The Telugus have not, as yet, daily papers: and they have to get the news of the outside world from travellers who come from the large towns; it is then passed on from village to village by other travellers, or by peddlers, or by the laborers in the fields on the bounds of adjoining villages. Thus every man

is a kind of a local gazette; and, strange as it may appear, news travels quite rapidly.

Preacher Condiah, as was his custom, preached Jesus. He was listened to attentively, and was invited to stay over night. He accepted the invitation, as it would give him a good opportunity to preach in the evening, after the people generally had come home from the fields. The hamlet contained only twelve or fifteen houses; and these were of the Madega caste, or, as they are not included in the four great castes according to Brahminism, they are called *out-castes*. They were all cobblers and tanners by trade, but worked as coolies: some of them owned small tracts of ground which they cultivated, and were in reality small farmers. They are now as pure Telugus as the people of the other castes, but some time in the remote past their ancestors were probably degraded. Some think they are the descendants of the Buddhists who were spared after India turned to Brahminism again. Whether this is true or not, no one can tell; but in some way, no doubt, their ancestors so offended the Brahmins that they were cursed, and turned out from among caste people. Be this as it may, the Madegas and another similar

caste who are woodcutters, carrying coolies, and servants, constitute, in this section at least, probably one-fifth of the population. Preacher Condiah was formerly a Madega, and so was at home with them.

In the evening, after the people had returned from the fields and eaten supper, Condiah sat down on the platform of the little shrine of Ramaswamy, and commenced singing a Christian hymn. The tune was familiar; and, although the words were new and strange, nearly the whole hamlet soon assembled, for the Telugus are fond of the quick, nervous strains of their own native airs.

Condiah read a part of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, about the Prodigal Son; and then told them of the love of God, and how they had all gone astray like the Prodigal Son, how Jesus came to seek and to save them, and how he was now calling them, through his word and the speaker, to leave sin and Satan, and through faith in him to be reconciled to God.

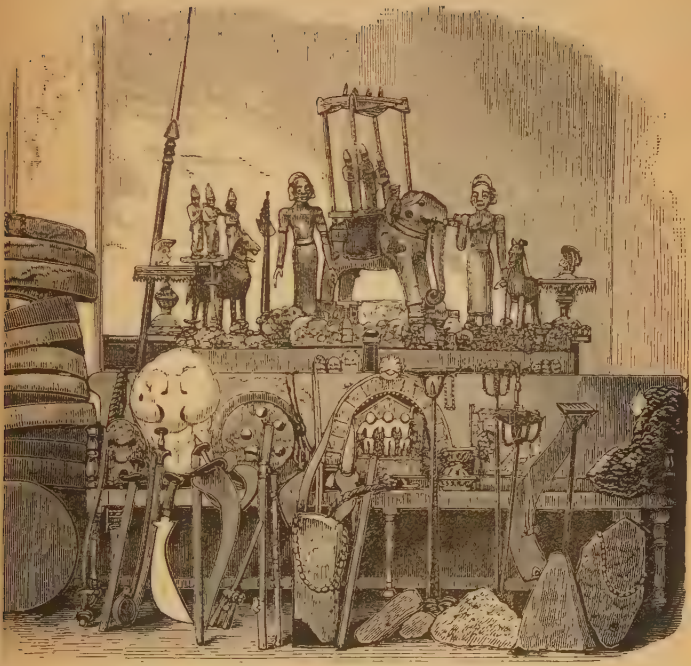
Condiah was an impressive speaker, and God was with him. When he had finished, old and young, men and women, crowded around him, anxious to learn more of the new religion which

seemed to promise so much to them. "But," asked they, "if we embrace this new religion, will not the gods whom we have always worshipped kill us?"

"Idols," said the preacher, "are the production of men, and were made by them. Tell me which is the greater, — the one who makes or creates, or the thing created? If a carpenter and an iron-smith make a cart or a plough, which is the greater, — the plough and cart, or the men? Or, if you make a pair of sandals, which is to be feared and loved, — the sandals, or the maker?"

"Why, yes! of course, the maker is greater than the thing made, we all know," answered the villagers.

"Then," said Condiah, "consider but a moment. Your idols were all made by a goldsmith or a carpenter, and hence must be less than these men. But you do not fear the men: then, why should you fear the images they make? Men carry idols, but the idols cannot move themselves. Idols are like dead bodies: there is no life, or strength, or power, or intelligence in them. Men give to idols every thing they have; and I have heard that thieves often



IDOLS FROM ONGOLE.

steal their golden ornaments. Idols cannot do either good or evil. They have no more merit or sense than the gold, silver, stone, or mud of which they are made."

"But, after Brahmins say muntras over the idols, do they not have life?" asked the villagers.

"How can Brahmins give life?" asked Condiah. "God only can give life. If Brahmins can give life, why do they not restore life to their children when they die? They mourn, you know, as you do. Many Brahmins do not worship idols. There is a sect in Calcutta and Madras, called the Brahmo Somaj, who have renounced all idols and caste also. Some Brahmins have also become Christians, and now hate idols.

"A few years ago, one among the priests of the great temple of Jaganath at Poori bought a Christian tract, and read it. The tract taught the folly of idolatry, and that no one could gain merit by worshipping idols. It also said that merit could be obtained only by believing in Jesus Christ, the world's Saviour. The priest was at first very angry, and thought to destroy the book, but concluded to keep it a

while. He could not efface the impression it had made on his mind; and he read the little book again and again.

"He was troubled, sometimes thinking that Christianity was true, and again that it could not be. Thus weeks passed; and, no longer able to endure the doubts in his mind, he determined to know the truth about idols, even if he lost his life. Accordingly he went to the bazaar, and bought a piece of iron which he had sharpened; and, when night came, he crept alone and unobserved into the temple. Very much frightened, and trembling with excitement, he raised the iron, which slowly descended, piercing the body of Jaganath, who said not a word; after stabbing the idol in various places with like result, he went away convinced that such a god was powerless to injure or benefit him. He afterward renounced idolatry, and became a preacher of the gospel."

"What! can you destroy idols, and live?" asked many at once.

"Listen, and I will tell you a true story," said Condiah. "When I was at school in Ongole, six or seven years ago, some people of the Mala caste, who were vexed with the missiona-

ries, undertook to annoy us on Sundays during service. They made a festival to the goddess Polarumma, and all one Sunday made such a noise with tom-toms and singing that we were much disturbed. The missionary went down to the little shrine, and asked the worshippers to cease, for a time at least; but they would not listen to him. A day or two later, he found by a close survey that the little shrine to Polarumma was just inside the bounds of the mission-compound; and he wrote a petition to the English magistrate, asking that the shrine might be removed. The case was inquired into, proved to be as represented, and an order was issued by the magistrate to the thasildar to remove the shrine. The thasildar ordered the village moonsiff to procure coolies, and tear down the shrine, and carry the stones into the road. For three days the moonsiff could not get men in all Ongole to do this. The missionaries heard of this, and sent word for him to come into the compound, and draft men for the work. He came, and called me and several young men who are now preachers, and told us what was required. We went; but as a large crowd had collected, and the missionary feared

we might be assaulted, he went too. When the moonsiff went up to the shrine to show us where to begin, he trembled with fear, and slipped off his sandals. The missionary then said, —

"'You all think that the one who first touches this shrine to tear it down, if not instantly killed, will be afflicted with the small-pox, and die. I will take all the responsibility myself; for I do not wish the moonsiff or my schoolboys or any of you to be killed. So, if Polarumma is God, let her kill me.' He then climbed, crowbar in hand, to the top of the shrine; and while some of the people beat their breasts, and others were speechless with fear, expecting to see him fall dead, he made the roof fall in, and we finished the rest of the work. I am alive and well, as are all those who helped me, and so is our missionary. I formerly worshipped many idols; but I left them all years ago, and none of them have ever done me any harm."

"Can all you say be true?" asked the eager listeners.

"Yes, it is true," said Condiah; "and let me tell you, if you worship idols, you are like chil-

dren who in their play boil sand for rice, or like the thirsty traveller who seeks water to quench his thirst in a mirage lake. The soul of man is from God, and can never be at peace until it finds its Maker, and rests in him."

He talked until past midnight; and before he lay down to sleep in the place where he preached, — for the weather was warm and dry, and he had no need of room or bed, — he had promised to remain several days in Ahmudala.

The days were spent in talking to people of different castes, if they would listen to him, and in preparing for the evening service and the long talks which followed. By the end of the fourth day Rungiah, the head man of the hamlet, and his wife and aunt and two cousins, had professed faith in Jesus as their Saviour. Two days more were spent with these converts, instructing them in what they should do as Christians. Then Condiah, telling them to be brave and faithful, and to come to Ongole at the next monthly meeting for baptism, made his salaams, and went on his way.

At the monthly meeting, Rungiah and his little company were present, and ready to tell what God had done for them. Condiah was

also present; and after due inquiry the long lock of hair on the top of the head, under which their god is said to dwell, was cut off, and they were baptized.

Stormy times awaited them on their return to Ahmudala. When it was known that Rungiah and four others of his hamlet had gone to Ongole, and that they had actually renounced the gods of their ancestors, and had even dared to cut off the sacred locks of hair, great was the indignation of the villagers. Little groups of five or six men were seen seated here and there engaged in earnest conversation. The women staid long at the wells, either to tell or hear the latest news concerning the strange conduct of Rungiah and his friends. The moonsiff and Uppiah Naidu and Kristna Row also talked the matter over, and decided that Rungiah must be called and remonstrated with, and made to return to his former gods and religion. Little did they then realize that the living God had by his Spirit been leading and teaching Rungiah, that his everlasting arms were underneath him, and therefore he could not be overcome, or separated from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

CHAPTER VIII.

WITNESSING FOR THE FAITH.

AS soon as Rungiah and his little company reached home, Babiah Naidu and Kristna Row sent for them. A large crowd of men and women had assembled on the common in the centre of the village, to help put down the new religion.

Rungiah soon appeared, followed by the other converts. When he stopped before the moonsiff and kurnam, and leading men, he made a low salaam, and asked what was wanted. But he was excited: his voice trembled, and his legs shook, which, as soon as he spoke, caused a loud laugh from those standing near.

"Why did you go to Ongole?" asked Kristna Row.

"I went there to be baptized, as all are who believe in Jesus Christ," answered Rungiah.

"What were you baptized for?" asked half a dozen at once. "Is there no water in Ahmudala?"

"Baptism is a sign, an ordinance, established by my Saviour when on earth," said the new disciple.

"A sign of what?" asked Uppiah Naidu.

"A sign that I believe Christ died for me, and that I have left off the works of darkness and sin, and am now trying to follow him."

"Then, are you not going to worship the gods of Ahmudala any more?"

"No," said Rungiah emphatically.

"How dare you say thus?" said Kristna Row: "will they not kill you?"

"I used to believe," said Rungiah, "that they would; but I do not now, because I see that they have no life, and hence no knowledge, sense, or power. Thus the native preacher Condiah told me, and the missionaries in Ongole said the same thing; and I believe them."

"Did you cut off the tuft of hair on the top of your head, sacred to the gods, and under which they delight to dwell?" inquired the priest of the Lukshmanaswamy temple.

"Yes, he has," said one standing near Rungiah, as he pulled off his turban, and exposed his head.

"Shame! shame!" ejaculated a hundred voices at once.

"Well, tell us why you left the religion of your fathers," asked Kristna Row. "What was good enough for them, is not that good enough for you? Are you better than they were?"

Rungiah, now calm and collected, said, —

"Friends and fellow-townsmen, you know that I have always been a great idolater. No one of you was ever more zealous than I. There is not a god within miles of Ahmudala, to which I have not bowed. I have also gone to Cotapa Conda, and worshipped the god of the monkeys, and to many other distant places; but I have found that I felt just the same after worshipping as I did before, and all beyond this life was dark and dreary to me. When preacher Bezwarah Condiah came to my hamlet, and told about one Jesus Christ, the world's Saviour, and how sinful we were, and how we might get these sins taken away, I felt convinced in my heart that this was a message

from the living God, and that I must believe and accept it. I heeded the divine message, and was happy. I was baptized as I told you. I cut off the tuft of hair which I used to think sacred, because I did not want any sign of idolatry about me, for I have now no wish to worship idols. My soul is satisfied. In this religion I must remain until I die."

No one spoke for a moment after this address; then the priest said, —

"If you do not worship the gods of Ahmudala, they will kill you: and hence, if you insist on renouncing them, you had better leave our village; for not only will you be killed, but we also shall be cursed if we consent to your remaining here. Come, Rungiah, don't be stubborn and foolish. You have a family of nice children: think of them, and return to your fathers' gods and to your old friends; we all will forgive the mistake you have made, and love you as of old, and the gods will prosper you."

"No, I cannot: God helping me, I never will leave the Christian religion, and can never worship idols again," said Rungiah. "The religion to which you wish me to return, I know

full well. It is like a great house without a roof. It can offer me in this life no peace for my mind, no help in trouble, and no comfort in death; and for my poor sin-sick soul there is in Hinduism no Mediator and Saviour, no kind, tender Father, who pities me and loves me more than I do my children."

"Then you must leave Ahmudala," said a dozen of the company at once. "We shall give you no work, and we shall not allow you to come into the town. If we do, cholera or small-pox will be sent upon us, and our cattle will also die, and our harvests be blighted. Why should we suffer all this? Leave this new religion. It is the religion of Englishmen, but we Hindus do not need it. Their religion is for them, and ours for us."

To these and many other angry words Rungiah answered, —

"I do not wonder that you are angry, for only a little while ago I felt as you now do. Your fears are all groundless, I well know. If you will not give me work, I must try and find it elsewhere. You must do as you think best and right. What more can I say?"

"Oh! your new God will give you food with-

out work perhaps," tauntingly exclaimed some one, which caused a laugh. But Rungiah simply replied, —

"God has given me strength to work, and he requires me to work six days out of every week, and to rest on Sundays: this I intend to do, and he will, I believe, care for me."

"What! are you not going to work on Sundays?" asked the moonsiff.

"No," said Rungiah.

"Why?" demanded many voices.

"I do not know exactly, for I know only a little of the Christian religion; but I have been taught that I must stop all ordinary work on Sundays, and spend the day in resting and in prayer and meditation."

After this Rungiah and other Christians were allowed to go to their homes. They were thankful that they were not beaten, and that they had been allowed to tell so much about their new-found hope. When Rungiah had gone, various plans were proposed and discussed; but, before any thing definite had been agreed upon, there appeared among the company a Brahmin of very dignified bearing. He was a stranger to most of them, but was recog-

nized by Kristna Row as Buchiah, the kurnam of Ruladond. Babiah Naidu asked him to be seated; and, after a few general questions, the new-comer asked what was the subject under consideration.

Kristna Row told him the story of Rungiah's conversion to Christianity, and added, "He seems to be not only willing to leave our gods, but to feel himself equal to us Brahmins. We can never let these low-caste dogs assume so much. We must teach them to remain in the place the great Brahma assigned them. What do you say to this, Buchiah?"

"O friends! listen to me," said Kurnam Buchiah. "This Christian religion is not new to me. Some five years ago some of the Madega people in Ruladond became Christians. I and many others were very angry, as I see you all are to-day. We determined to drive the new religion away from our town, and to this end we took all work away from the Christians; we refused to let them come into the village; we laughed at them, and abused them in every way: but they would not leave the new faith. They went to other villages, and worked; and soon in all the villages about Ruladond there

were Christians. Then the missionary came out there, and invited all our people to come and see him in his tent; and, after he told us about his religion, we could see no evil in it, and we promised to stop persecuting the Christians. Soon, however, the Christians began to get land and property; and some of our people were envious, not liking to see these poor low-caste people richer than they, and so commenced persecuting them again: but it was of no use. The more you persecute Christians, we have found, the closer they cling to their faith, the faster they increase, and the more wealthy they become. They are like the prickly pear, which, if cut down, in a little while every leaf becomes a stalk, and every stalk a bunch, and every bunch a regular jungle. Take my advice: let the Christians alone. There is room enough in India for this God of the Christians also. If you drive the Christians from Ahmudala, who will do your work? You will have to do it yourselves, or get strangers who will cheat and steal from you; and, besides, how do you know that the God of these Christians may not curse you? Be not, therefore, envious of these poor people. Listen while I tell you a story.

"A certain man being restless through envy at the good fortune of his neighbor, and not being able to bear the sight of his prosperity, went to reside in a wilderness. An ascetic, meeting with this envious person, pitied him, and gave him an enchanted dice. Its virtue was this: that for three times when he threw it whatever he wished would come to pass. The ascetic, however, told him, 'Three times you will obtain whatever you wish, but your neighbor will have double.' Going home, and forgetting the prosperity of his neighbor which would follow, he said to himself, 'Let me have houses, corn, silver, gold, and jewels in abundance.' It was so, but his neighbor had double. Recollecting himself, and desirous to injure his neighbor, he said, 'Let me be deprived of one eye;' and a second time he threw the dice: on this his neighbor was deprived of both eyes. 'Let half my house be swamped,' he said, and the last time threw the dice; on that the whole of his neighbor's house sank into the ground. At last his servants, seeing him in a solitary place, with one consent beat him severely, and, taking from him all his riches, fled in a boat. There was no one to

hear his cries when he exclaimed, 'This is the consequence of envy: for, if through this I had not destroyed my neighbor, he had no doubt assisted me in the hour of my distress; at least, through fear of him no one would have dared thus to injure me.'

"The Christians now in Ruladond are among our best men, and we do not want to be rid of them; for we all feel that we can trust them, and therefore they are like a right hand to my village."

This speech chilled the enthusiasm of the meeting, which broke up without any plan having been adopted. They had been persuaded temporarily, by Buchiah's speech, against their will; but their minds were unchanged, and they went away to meditate evil against the Lord's little ones.

Weeks passed away; and Rungiah and the Christians found it very difficult to get either work or food, and they were ridiculed and laughed at, and harassed in a hundred ways, on every side. False charges were brought against them, and they were brought before the moonsiff for debts and for stealing and many other things.

One day, as Rungiah was going past the

house of Uppiah Naidu, the door into the court was open, and Seetama beckoned to him to come in. Rungiah was well acquainted with the family, for he had made the sandals for the whole household for years. The men were all away from home; and Seetama said, "Rungiah, what is this new religion of yours? Tell me all about it." Rungiah told her all he knew, which seemed to please Seetama; but Soobama, who had joined Seetama soon after Rungiah came, was vexed. As Rungiah was going away, he said to Seetama, that if she wished he would bring a native preacher, whom he expected from Ongole in a few days, to talk with her. Seetama seemed pleased with this, but as Soobama was near she made no reply. She had heard that Rungiah had no work; and she asked him if he could not make a pair of sandals for her, as her old ones were nearly worn out, and she had need of new ones to keep the dust and sand from burning her feet when she went to the bazaar and other places. This was added to keep Soobama quiet. Rungiah went away with a lighter heart than he had had for weeks; because he felt, he knew not why, that Seetama was his friend, and that God would soon raise up help for him.

CHAPTER IX.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

RUNGIAH was now full of hope. He believed that God would not forsake him, and he was not disappointed. He had humbled himself under the mighty hand of God, and had cast all his burdens on him; and God cared for his trusting child.

The missionaries in Ongole had heard, by letters, of the troubles in Ahmudala; and it seemed best to them to try to do something for the Christians. Native preacher Obulu, then a colportor of the Madras Bible Society, who went home to be with Jesus a few months ago, was called. His large warm heart, and knowledge of men, and zeal for his Saviour, were well known. They told him of the petty persecutions in Ahmudala, and asked him to go up that way, taking his books with him, and en-

courage the Christians, and preach to all who would listen, and if possible to get an interview with the village moonsiff. If this could be effected, he was to tender to him the best salaams of the missionary, and request him to see to it that the Christians of his village were treated justly. Obulu's heart was full; and a few hours later he was on his way to Ahmudala, where he arrived late the next evening.

Rungiah told Obulu all about the situation. Obulu firmly believed in prayer. He felt that it moved the hand that moved the world. The little company prayed for guidance and help, and then retired to rest.

The next morning it was arranged that Rungiah should take the sandals to Seetama, and that a few minutes later Obulu should pass by Uppiah Naidu's house, and that Rungiah should be on the lookout, and point him out to Uppiah Naidu and his brother. They trusted that God would open the way for Obulu to get into the court.

Rungiah found the whole family at home; and, after he had delivered the sandals, Uppiah proceeded to measure out some grain to pay for them, but reminded him that it was Seetama

who ordered the sandals, and that she did not fully understand his wishes. Just then Obulu appeared, and, standing at the door of the court, cried out in Eastern fashion what he had to sell. Rungiah said, loud enough for all in the court to hear, "That is a preacher, and the missionary has sent him here. Would you not like to see him, and talk with him?"

Uppiah Naidu and his brothers hesitated; but Seetama quickly said, "Oh! do ask him in. I am very anxious to hear what it is that has made Rungiah act so strangely. Let us see if there is any good in the new religion."

Obulu was invited into the court; and, after making his salaams, he reverently opened the New Testament at the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel by John, and read, —

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know

not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also; and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him. Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it."

Then closing the book, he began, as was his

custom, by telling what sort of man he was formerly, and afterwards gave his Christian experience, which was very affecting and clear. Then, commencing with the first chapter of Genesis, he gave an account of the creation, the Garden of Eden, the fall of man, and the curse upon all the race, declaring that all are sinners. He graphically described the efforts of the Hindus to escape sin, and to gain merit and absorption with the Deity, and how every one felt that he had failed and must fail.

After this, he told of the love of God; and how his Son left heaven to seek and to save the lost; how he died, and rose again, and went to heaven to prepare the mansions he had read about, for all who would believe in him and follow him. He closed by asking all to consider what he had said; begging them not to discard the Creator, Ruler, Preserver, and Saviour, who was now calling on them to come to him, and find rest and peace and eternal life.

All were moved by the discourse; and Seetama turned, and went into the house, that the tears in her eyes might not be noticed by others of the family. She soon returned with

some nice milk for the preacher to drink, which he received thankfully.

Obulu and Rungiah went their way, and soon the others went to their work. The men said nothing about the sermon, but Uppiah Naidu and his son Lukshmiah were evidently much impressed. In the afternoon Soobama told Seetama that she thought it a disgrace to allow any one to come into their yard, and talk about their gods as Obulu did. Seetama felt quite differently, but was too discreet to make any direct answer.

That evening, when they were alone in their own private room, Seetama cautiously asked Uppiah Naidu what he thought of Obulu's sermon. He said he did not know what to think, and that he was troubled. He then asked her opinion.

"Will you be angry if I tell you?" she asked.

"No: why should I be angry?"

"Then I must confess that I feel in my heart that what he said is true, and that Rungiah, whom the whole village is persecuting, is richer than we all. I almost wish that I was even as he is, though poor and despised."

"I feel much the same way, Seetama," said her husband affectionately; "but what can we do?"

"I think, that, if you will not be angry, I will secretly believe in the God of Rungiah and the Christians. I know full well that to believe openly would disgrace you and the whole family, and we would soon be beggars."

"Yes, that is wise," said Uppiah Naidu. "Do not whisper to any one what you have said to me."

"But," said the wife, "I want to make one request, which, if you love me, do not refuse."

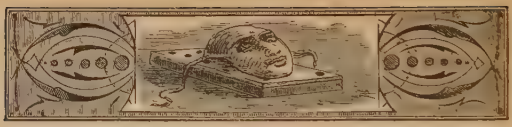
"What is it?" asked Uppiah Naidu. "It shall be granted if it is in my power to do so."

"Please talk with your brother Babiah Naidu, and with Kristna Row, and the leading men of Ahmudala, and get them to stop persecuting the Christians, and to allow them to return to their former work. I feel in my soul that the living God will punish us if the injustice towards the Christians is allowed to go on longer."

"Soobama has already been talking to Babiah Naidu and to Kristna Row about Obulu's sermon this morning, and did not forget to say

that you even, as to a great friend, gave him milk to drink after he had abused our gods."

Uppiah Naidu said this kindly; for, while in his heart he was glad the request had been made, he feared he would have some difficulty in complying with it, as Soobama was angry, and would do all in her power to injure the Christians. His fears, however, were groundless. He found his brother ready to second his proposition; and, as soon as it was known that to annoy the Christians further would not be pleasing to the moonsiff and his brother, the great majority ceased persecuting them. When Kristna Row heard of the new turn affairs had taken, he shrugged his shoulders, and said, "The fates are on the side of the Christians." From that time the Christians of Ahmudala had peace.



CHAPTER X.

THE PUNDIT'S SPEECH.

IT soon became known, not only in Ahmudala, but also in all the villages near, that Babiah Naidu and his brother Uppiah Naidu had become, if not friendly, at least well-disposed towards the Christians; and all classes were very much surprised. Various reasons were assigned and circulated for their sudden change; for the brothers were not fickle people, and their conduct appeared unaccountable. Some said that the governor had sent an order to them to desist from persecuting the Christians. Others thought that perhaps the missionary had sent them a large present. Others yet suggested that perhaps the Christians' God had appeared to them, and that they were now afraid.

None divined the real cause; and Babiah

Naidu and his brother did not tell. While Obulu was preaching to them, and for a little while afterwards, they had felt that they would like to be Christians; but these feelings soon passed away, for they had no real faith in Jesus. They had about concluded that the God of Rungiah and Obulu, whom Seetama was beginning to worship, might be one of the three hundred and thirty million gods they had always heard about; or he might be another additional god who came to India with the English. Then they reasoned that Rungiah had always been a friend, and now had not only done them no harm, but appeared and acted better than before; and, besides, they had to confess in their hearts that the religion which Obulu had told them about, if true, was better than theirs. But, above all, Seetama had made a request which both felt was right and reasonable; and they were too kind of heart, and loved her too much, to refuse it.

A few weeks after the events related in the last chapter, the Ongole missionary, on an evangelistic tour, camped in a village about two miles from Ahmudala, which we shall call Kuspa. There were quite a number of Chris-

tians and some inquirers in the villages near, as well as in Kuspa itself. These were to assemble at his camp; and they might remain there for two or three days, going at night to the villages near to sleep and to take their meals.

The Brahmins and Mohammedans of Kuspa and vicinity determined to do all in their power to keep the people from becoming Christians. They sent to Podala, and engaged a well-known Brahmin pundit, who was learned in the shastras, and had studied some in a government school, to come out to Kuspa, and discuss with the missionary. The Mohammedans had also invited the most learned priest in all that region to come to their aid. The people of all castes were considerably excited, and gathered in crowds from Ahmudala and other villages. Among the company was Uppiah Naidu and his brother, and Kristna Row.

Word was sent to the missionary that they wanted to discuss with him; but he, politely declining the honor, replied, that while he would not discuss, yet, if they had any thing to tell, he would be glad to meet them and learn what they might wish to say. The pundit and

the priest were disappointed; because they hoped to discuss by question and answer, and if possible by subtle roundabout questions to entangle their opponent, and thus, in the judgment of Hindus, gain their point, and obtain great credit. But that plan had failed, and they must deliver addresses.

The missionary, accompanied by two or three native preachers and a company of Christians, repaired to the place of meeting, which was not far from his tent, and took a seat in easy hearing distance of the speakers.

The pundit took a book from a friend standing near, touched both the right and left sides of his forehead with it, thus invoking Ganesa, the God of Wisdom, opened it, and read some verses in Sanscrit; he then commenced his discourse by saying, —

"You have called me to Kuspa to tell you what our sacred shastras say about caste, and about India, and the religion and traditions of our fathers, who are as gods to us.

"Europeans have invaded our country, and for the present are the rulers. They are like an army of monkeys: they obtained possession of the country by tricks, and took for their

servants out-caste people, Malas and Madegas, who for a little money flocked about them; and now by a well-laid system, in which sophistry and money are the principal factors, they are trying to undermine the faith of our fathers, and to destroy our heavenly-given caste, to pollute our sacred places, and to make our beloved India, once the favorite abode of the gods, the home of degraded men and bad spirits. To accomplish their object, a class of men called missionaries are settled in all our large cities; and they travel over the country, trying to make converts, for which, I hear, they have a good salary, and all their travelling expenses paid by government, and a bonus of two hundred rupees given them for each convert made. But, as all this expense is paid from the money raised by taxes, we are the ones who are really paying people fat incomes to destroy our own sacred institutions. But we have only to remain firm. They have come, as I said, like an army of monkeys; and in like manner they will go, and our India will be left to us again.

"Contemplate, my friends, the origin of our caste which is assailed, and which, if we relinquish, will leave us all like filthy beasts, fit only

to associate with dogs. That the human race might be multiplied, He (the Supreme Lord) caused the Brahmin, the Kshatriya, the Vaisya, and the Sudra, to proceed from his mouth, his arm, his thigh, and foot. Hence we have the Brahmins, who are the priests. The duty of the Brahmins is to practise peace, self-restraint, purity, patience, rectitude; and they are wise, learned, and divine, and therefore should be worshipped by all other castes. What are the words you have heard from your youth? 'The whole world is subject to the gods, and the gods are subject to Mantras, the Mantras are subject to the Brahmins: therefore the Brahmins are our gods.' Hear what the great Manu says: 'The production of the Brahmin is the sure subsistence of religion. When a Brahmin is born, it is to be understood that religion is born; and, as Brahmins are born every day, therefore religion becomes incarnate every day. When one gets acquainted with the Brahmin, he becomes acquainted with religion.' Listen now to the Kalki Purana: 'O King, the Brahmins are earthly gods, they are clever in all four stages of life, and are the propagators of my religion: therefore we ought to speak to them pleasantly,

and worship them.' Listen again while I read from the Padma Purana: 'The Brahmin is the spiritual guide of all castes. Alms ought to be given to him devoutly and respectfully. The Brahmin is the refuge of all gods. He is manifest god on earth. He saves the donor from this terrible ocean-like universe.' The Mahabarat says: 'Let the Brahmin's conduct be good or bad, let him be learned or ignorant, he ought not to be despised. He is like fire mixed with ashes.'

"The Kshatriya comprises the kings, princes, and soldiers. Their natural duties are bravery, glory, fortitude, rectitude, generosity, and princely conduct at all times."

"The Vaisya, or Chetties, are the merchants; and they buy and sell and get gain, and thus can build and support our temples and priests."

"The Sudras are the mechanics and artisans of every description. The natural duty of a Sudra is servitude.

"Hear what the Rig Veda says:—

"'1. The embodied spirit which hath a thousand heads, a thousand eyes, a thousand feet, stands in the human breast, while he totally pervades the earth.

"'2. That being is this universe, and all that has

been, or will be; he is that which grows by nourishment, and he is the distributor of immortality.

"'3. Such is his greatness; and therefore is he the most excellent embodied spirit; the elements of the universe are one portion of him; and three portions of him are immortality in heaven.

"'4. That threefold being rose above this world; and that, the single portion of him that remained in this universe, consists of what does and what does not taste the reward of good and bad actions; again he pervaded the universe.

"'5. From him sprung Viráj, from whom the first man was produced; and he, being successively reproduced, peopled the earth.

"'6. From that single portion, surnamed the universal sacrifice, was the holy oblation of butter and curds produced; and this did frame all cattle, wild or domestic, which are governed by instinct.

"'7. From that universal sacrifice were produced the strains of the Rak and Sama; from him the sacred metres sprung; from him did the Yajur proceed.

"'8. From him were produced horses, and all beasts that have two rows of teeth; from him sprung cows, goats, and sheep.

"'9. Him the gods, the demi-gods named Sad'hya, and the holy sages, immolated as a victim on sacred grass, and thus performed a solemn act of religion.

"'10. Into how many portions did they divide this being whom they immolated? What did his mouth become? What are his arms, his thighs, his feet, now called?

"'11. His mouth became a priest; his arm was made a soldier; his thigh was transformed into a husbandman; from his feet sprang the servile man.

"'12. The moon was produced from his mind; the sun sprang from his eye; air and breath proceeded from his ear; and fire rose from his mouth.

"'13. The subtle element was produced from his navel; the sky from his head; the earth from his feet; and space from his ear. Thus did he frame worlds.

"'14. In that solemn sacrifice which the gods performed with him as a victim, spring was the butter, summer the fuel, and sultry weather the oblation.

"'15. Seven were the moats surrounding the altar; thrice seven were the logs of holy fuel at that sacrifice which the gods performed, immolating this being as the victim.

"'16. By that sacrifice the gods worshipped this victim; such were primeval duties; and thus did they attain heaven, where former gods and mighty demi-gods abide.'

"This hymn, sacred in the ceremonies in honor of all our deceased ancestors, teaches that the origin of caste was in the primeval mode; and of course, if that is touched, our religion and all else is lost. If the Malas and Madegas, and other low-caste people, who are not included in the four great castes of whom I have told you, who formerly were our slaves,

wish to join in the English religion, let them go. They will soon come back. Remember the illustration I gave you about the monkeys."

"Rama, Rama, Rama!" called out a hundred in the congregation, thus invoking that god to help them.

"Consider again, I beseech you, the glory of our ancestors. When the ancestors of our English conquerors were wild savages, chasing each other through the forests and over the hills and mountains of Europe, ours were a mighty people. Their history is lost in antiquity; but from the magnificent remains of temples and cities, and our sacred Sanscrit language, we can learn much which all will admit is true.

"You will not, some of you, be able to understand all I am about to say, for all of you are not learned. I quote from an English author:[1] 'A contemplative people, as the Hindus are, must early have turned their thoughts to the subjects denominated metaphysical: we accordingly find that all the theories on that subject formed by the Greeks or by the moderns were already familiar to the sages of India. The

[1] Dr. Ewart's Descriptive Geography.

system devised by Bishop Berkeley was known in India centuries before our era.'

"He also admits that we had made advances in education not reached in Europe until centuries afterwards. Let me illustrate this. Our ancestors knew the causes of eclipses, and had constructed tables to calculate them, and the diurnal motion of the earth, and its proximate diameter. In our Rig Veda, it is said that the pole-star changes its position. In our epic poems, the fixed stars are spoken of as suns. The decimal system of notation, knowledge of arithmetic and algebra, and the mode of expressing the area of a triangle in the terms of its sides, and that of expressing the proportion of the radius to the diameter of a circle, were known to our ancestors while all the rest of the world were in ignorance.

"This same author also considers that the subtleties of logic, and the niceties of grammar, and all the varieties of metre known to the Greeks and Latins, are to be found in our many books in the sacred Sanscrit language, which in beauty, copiousness, and flexibility, has no superior even till this day. No writings for beauty of expression and imagery, and refinement of

poetical taste, surpass our own: for example, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana.

"Our forefathers were not wanting in patriotism and valor. In ancient times India was not under one ruler. There were a great many rajahs or kings: these evidently lived generally at peace with each other, but when necessary they could fight. One of these rajahs, Asoka, more than two thousand years ago defeated Alexander the Great when he attempted to cross the Gheelum, after he had conquered the western world. They also contended every inch of ground with the bloodthirsty, cruel, lascivious Mohammedans, and for about two hundred years the sword was not sheathed. We had been unfaithful to our divinities, and they abandoned us. But it is now time to bestir ourselves, or the star of hope, which has never yet left us, will forever set.

"Our country is great. It stretches from the lofty Himalaya Mountains on the north, to Cape Comorin on the south; and from the mountains of Afghan on the west, to the mountains of Arracan and the Munipur hills on the east. Here in this sacred realm, given to us by great Purusha, two hundred millions of peo-

ple who sprang from him live and worship him, and by prayers and fasting, and meritorious deeds, seek to be absorbed in and to become one with him again. Our ancestors, as I have shown to you, were his favorites. True religion and knowledge were first given to them. From India, these spread over the world. All the gods favored our ancestors. As it was, so may it be again. Hear what Dr. Dresser of the Society of Arts said a few days ago in London. I quote from 'The Madras Mail.'

"'We have derived a number of most valuable hints from the East; but what have we done for them? We have established schools of art in Calcutta, Bombay, and certain other places; and what is the result? In the exhibition of 1862 were to be seen carpets manufactured in India, by those who had been taught in our art-schools, which, being exhibited by the side of native manufactures, were an utter national disgrace to us. We have done a vast deal to vitiate their taste, but I deny that we have done one single thing to raise them in a knowledge of decorative art. Instead of spending money in establishing such schools, we had better spend it in studying under those native artists who are the greatest ornamentists in the world.'

"This is all true. All true knowledge and all true religion are ours, as I before told you.

Let us be faithful, then, to our ancestors, cling to their customs and teachings, and the whole world will soon be at our feet. What more could you ask? What more could you wish? Do not mix with the English. Submit to them because you must from necessity, and make the best of their rule, until the gods are appeased, and remove the curse from India."

The pundit sat down. There was much excitement in the assembly; some repeated "Narayana, Narayana, Narayana!" and others, "Rama, Rama, Rama!" while the more devout and learned said muntras. The native preachers looked troubled. The missionary was quiet, composed, and amused.

CHAPTER XI.

SPEECH OF THE MOHAMMEDAN PRIEST.

THE Mohammedan priest was considerably annoyed by some of the remarks of the pundit, though he let them pass at the time; but his friends thought that when his turn came to speak he would abundantly vindicate Islamism.

"Allah Akbar, God is great," said the priest, rising to his feet, and looking around upon his audience. "You know about the people of my religion. As my learned friend the pundit has told you, my ancestors invaded India about one thousand years ago; and about eight hundred years ago it pleased Allah to confirm them in India. About six hundred years later most rajahs and zemindars, from the Himalayas to Ceylon, acknowledged their power, and gave willing tribute to the Great Mogul at Delhi.

Then it was that Allah turned our glory into shame, and sent these foreigners to punish us, and for a time to rule over us. But my friend has well said that their stay will be short; for Allah, whose ear is always open to hear the prayers of the faithful, will soon turn to us again. The rule of the English must be brief, for they obtained possession of the country by sophistry and fraud, and thus they now rule: they are bad people, and their religion is bad. I will prove to you what I have stated. They first came as a band of traders, and asked for a few acres of ground here and there, on which to build houses and factories. This was given to them. Then they asked for the privilege of building forts on this ground, and of employing a few sepoys to protect their property. They then lent money to profligate zemindars and other large landholders. This they knew could not be paid; but they had provided for this emergency, and took the whole or parts of their estates, either peaceably or otherwise. At other times they sent agents to our petty kings, and stirred up quarrels; then lent money to one party or the other, and furnished soldiers and guns from England; when the strife was over,

they demanded a part of the spoils, and such pay as but few rajahs could give in money. The kings, unable to pay in money, paid in land; and thus they went on and on, until now they have all India under their feet; and like leeches they are sucking the very life-blood of our land and countrymen.

"You have all heard the fable of the Arab and the camel. I will repeat it.

"An Arab and his wife and children were in their tent. The night was cold and stormy, but still they were comfortable. A noise was heard at the door, and the Arab saw that a camel had put his head inside. He inquired, 'Why do you come into my tent without leave?' The camel said, 'The storm is severe, and I am very cold. Please do not drive me off to perish. Let my head be inside. I will do you no harm.' The Arab, who was a kind-hearted man, consented, and went to sleep. After a while he awoke, and saw that the camel had got all its neck and forefeet into the tent. He remonstrated; but the camel said, 'I was very cold, and I have only come in a little: I will do you no harm.' The Arab permitted him to remain, and again fell asleep. When he at last awoke he could

scarcely move. The camel had come into the tent, and filled it. He remonstrated and threatened; but the camel replied, 'I have possession, and I am much the larger: I could easily trample you and your children to death. If you want any one to go out in the storm, go yourself.' The English came and did by us just as the camel did by the kind Arab.

"I said that the English now rule India in the same way they secured it, — by tricks and sophistry. This you all know very well. Heavy taxes are wrung from the people. Yes, every thing you have or enjoy is taxed, except air and water. But what becomes of this money? Most of it goes to the few thousand Englishmen in India. All lucrative positions are held by them, while the subordinates who do the work have comparatively a mere pittance.

"A great army of sepoys of different languages and castes is kept. The Madras sepoys are sent to Bengal and Bombay, and regiments from those presidencies are sent here. Why? That the sepoys may be among a people of a different language, that they may be the more obedient servants of their masters.

"In the police department, even here in

Kuspa, see how they manage. When there is to be a Mohammedan festival, all the Mohammedan policemen are sent away to distant villages, and Hindus are called in to watch; and, when you Hindus have a festival, the Mohammedans are made to watch you. And thus it is with the different castes, in all branches of government. The Brahmin is prejudiced against the Mohammedan and the Sudra, and *vice versa*. To-day they flatter, and to-morrow upbraid. At times they apparently wink at crimes which to relate would make your blood almost curdle, and the next day punish, wholly beyond reason and justice, some poor fellow who perhaps broke the law through ignorance.

"I told you that the religion of the English is bad. Let me illustrate, that you may all understand what I mean. Good cannot come from bad, nor bad from good. Like mother, like daughter. If you are travelling, and come to a stream of water, and, drinking of it, find it bad, you conclude at once that the spring is bad at its source. Men who can take a country as the English did ours, and rule it as they do, must be bad. Look also at the impure lives led by many whom you yourselves have known.

Brandy and money and concubines are the gods they worship. They are even so low, that, like the dog and the hyena, they eat the meat of the filthy hog. It is self-evident, that, when the disciples are so bad, the religion itself is not good. There was a time when Allah was pleased with the Christian religion, but it was not the bastard kind we have now in the world. That, however, became corrupt : it was no longer suited to the world ; and Allah gave, through his holy prophet Mohammed, another revelation, even our Koran and Islamism. We, the people of India, therefore, have no need for either the English rule or the Christian religion.

"A certain rich man, who was fond of all kinds of animals, one day saw for the first time a pig, which was wallowing in the mud. He bought it at a great price, and had it washed by a servant, and taken to his palace. When the master saw it, he was much pleased. But in a short time the pig got out doors, and was found again wallowing in the mud. When the owner saw it he was sorry, and said, 'Alas! thou art still a pig, though in a palace. As long as thou retainest the nature of a pig, it

is vain to wash thee over and over again.' So saying he drove the pig out.

"The moral of the story you can all understand. Our rajahs and nabobs long years ago saw the merchants of the East-India Company. They thought them worthy of a place in their fair land: they believed their smooth, false words, and did all for them they could. The merchants by falsehood, treachery, and robbery became very rich, and enriched all their countrymen and nation with our products, our gold and silver and precious stones. But, notwithstanding all the good which they have received, the English are to-day just what they were a hundred years ago, — no better than robbers. Their religious teachers talk well enough, but their disciples do just the contrary. I think they all are in league with Satan. As the pig, so are they. The only way they can do good to India is to leave it, and the sooner the better. Let me warn you all, then: Beware how you trust yourselves and your wives and children to the teachers of the Christian religion: they all have two faces and double tongues."

When the Kazi ceased, there were many

bitter expressions from the Mohammedans, showing that his words had not been without effect in stirring up their fiery hostility towards the Christian religion. They moved about among the crowd, twitching at their long black beards, and frequently spitting on the ground and stamping on it, their black eyes flashing with rage; and, though there is not much in common between the Mohammedan and Hindu religions, yet the adherents of both were now one, at least in their hatred of the foreign rule and religion.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MISSIONARY'S REPLY.

THE Hindu element largely predominated in the assembly; and as the Hindus generally are a mild people, not vindictive or fond of bloodshed, the missionary and the few Christians, although wholly unarmed, feared no personal harm. The Telugus in general have an innate desire to see fair play, and are naturally, and by education, a polite people. In their discussions they exaggerate, after the manner of most Eastern peoples, and deal out heavy blows to their opponents; but in return they are willing to take hard hits, politely given, and really seem to enjoy them. Knowing these characteristics, the missionary fully expected that some one would call on him for his views, and he was not disappointed.

Uppiah Naidu, of Ahmudala, as soon as the priest sat down, rose and said, —

"Who I am, you all know. I am not a Christian, and none of my relatives or friends are Christians. We are loyal to the religion and traditions of our ancestors; but it appears to me, and I think many of you will admit, that it is only polite and just to hear what this missionary gentleman has to say. This you will be the more willing to grant, when you learn that he is not an Englishman. Let us at least hear from his own lips what he teaches, and what he would have us do."

A score of voices responded, "Yes, yes, we will hear the missionary. Let him speak." And without further introduction the missionary arose and said, —

"When I came here this afternoon I did not expect to speak; but some things said by the speakers have pleased and instructed me, and other assertions and illustrations have made me sad: hence I readily accept of the kind invitation extended to me. I am a Christian missionary, as you know, but I am not an Englishman. I am a native of America, a country far distant from England, and separated from

it by the great Atlantic Ocean, three thousand miles wide. I am not in the employ of the government of India, neither do I receive any thing from it without paying full price in return. It is true that my ancestors came from England, where now I have relatives and friends. I am the friend of England, but I am your friend. I am not a new man: you know me, at least by report. I came to India not for your money or your lands, but in obedience to the word of God. Hence I can speak impartially on many of the subjects mentioned this afternoon, and correct some statements made, in a way that will satisfy you all.

"I fully agree with the learned pundit in his tribute to your ancestors. They were a remarkable people; and when you speak in their praise, and reverence them, you do well, for the world has rarely, if ever, seen their equals. The living God greatly honored them with knowledge and understanding. But we cannot live on the fame of our ancestors, however great. They played their part well, and are gone. We are here now where they once trod. What about the India of to-day, and the Hindus as you and I know them? When our friends were speak-

ing of the glories of your fathers, and I compared them with their children, I felt in my heart that India was like a great field of sweet-potatoes, the best part of which is in the ground. That India was, during the past few hundred years, intellectually and morally in a very low state, all, when they reflect, must admit. Your sacred Sanscrit language, of which you are justly proud, was no longer a living language. Your noble cities and magnificent temples had crumbled to ruins, or were left standing as solitary monuments of happier days. Invaded from without, and harassed by constant wars among the once peaceful family of kings, the plough of the farmer, the loom of the skilful weaver whose fabrics were sought by all Western civilized nations, and the tools of the accomplished artisans whose designs we yet admire, were laid aside, and the sword and drum and implements of war were taken in exchange. As a natural result, education gave place to ignorance; and ignorance and superstition, aided by a wild, uncultivated imagination, in time produced all the false theories of geography, astronomy, theology, demonology, and caste, which are now the curse of this otherwise fair land.

"This was the condition of India when the English came. That they used tricks and sophistry to get India from you, may be true; but, if they took unjust measures to gain India, it was because of their inordinate love of money and power, and the training you speedily gave them. For, when the English came among you, rajah was scheming against rajah, zemindar against zemindar, and neighbor against neighbor, from Delhi, the capital of the Great Mogul, to the remotest hamlet. The ruins of old forts, seen every few miles; the patriarchal mode of living in families; the clustering together of different castes in hamlets, and all living in villages, — are facts which bear silent witness to the state of the country when these customs were first instituted. Public schools and hospitals were then unknown. The Thugs and bandits roamed over the country almost at pleasure. The goddess Kali was appeased with human sacrifices, widows were burned on the funeral pile with the bodies of their husbands, and the car of Jaganath had many victims.

"The English by degrees stopped all this. They did it by tricks and sophistry, you say. Suppose they did: would it not have been

worse to conquer the country by war? Would you not rather be flattered than killed? If you should see two men fighting, would it not be wiser for you to talk with them, and convince them that it will be for their interest to stop quarrelling and be friendly, and do as you tell them hereafter, than to kill both, or pass on and leave them fighting? Of course, it would be kind of you to get them to stop fighting without bloodshed. That is what the English have done and are doing for India. If they use caste and different nationalities, and thus save the expense of larger armies, all of which you have to pay, either directly or indirectly, you ought to be glad. As long as you must have armies and a large police force to keep India at peace, all ought to rejoice when the number is small, and the expense comparatively slight.

"Again, you have heard that the English are a bad people, and that, as they came like an army of monkeys, so they will go. I fully believe that they came because they were sent by God; and they will stay as long as they are faithful in the discharge of their duties to India, or until the Hindus are able and willing

to rule their own country in righteousness and peace, with fear to God, and good-will to even the lowest and the poorest subject. When that happy day comes, the English will leave, and not before.

"That some of the English officials are bad, I cannot deny, and it makes me both sad and ashamed; but all are not bad. There are only a few, comparatively, who are very bad; and there are many good, just, noble, God-fearing men among them. You all know that you would much rather have these, or, in fact, almost any Englishman, in preference to your own countrymen, to decide your suits, and to hear your petitions for redress. Why is this, but because you have more faith in the justice and kindness of the worst Englishman than in the average Hindu? In every shepherd's flock, there are some goats; in every herd of cattle, some buffaloes; in every field of grain, some bad heads. These bad men are bad, not because they *are*, but because they *are not*, Christians. The good and just Englishmen, whom you know, are probably Christians, and pray to the living God, as I do daily; while the bad pray not, but are like yourselves, without any

real God to guide, direct, and bless. They plod along in the dark; and, alas! like many of you, love not God, and regard not man, but seek honor and wealth, and care but little how they obtain them.

"Christianity is a personal religion. God sent each one of us into the world separately. So we probably will leave the world one by one; and one by one we shall all have to stand before God, and give an account of the deeds we do in this life. Therefore missionaries have nothing to do with the bad deeds of bad Englishmen. We preach to them as to you, — that unless they repent, and believe in Jesus Christ, the world's Saviour, and become pure in heart, they can never see the kingdom of God.

"Our pundit and priest both long for a return of the good days gone by. But are you or they certain that India really wants them? I think not. When was India in modern times ever so happy and contented and wealthy as to-day? What might have been in the remote past, in the pre-historic ages, I cannot tell. The inhabitants might have been much less numerous than now, and they may have lived near to God, and obeyed him, and hence may have been very

happy. But the India of historic times was never so prosperous as now. Your proverb, 'The lion and the goat quench their thirst at the same brook, side by side,' is now realized; for all classes are living in peace throughout India, under the one gracious sovereign.

"The Mohammedans began their invasion of India about the eighth century, and during the next two hundred years made great conquests. But they came not for the good of the Hindus: their chief object was to propagate their own religion. They forced the conquered Hindus to say their prayers according to the Mohammedan religion, which many did with their idols under their arms. The cows, considered sacred by the Hindus, were killed by the Mohammedans in their temples, and pieces of the meat were forced into the mouths of the Hindus. Thousands of people were wantonly killed; and multitudes, how many no one can tell, were circumcised by force, and compelled to embrace Islamism. On the other hand, if, by chance, the Hindus gained a victory, they killed hogs in the mosques of the Mohammedans, and besprinkled them with the blood. Perhaps no people has ever suffered so much as the Hindus under Mohammedan rule.

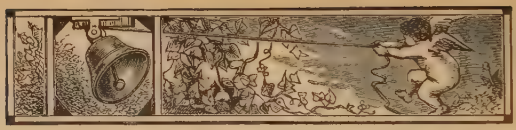
"Now, do you want a repetition of this state of affairs? Both Hindus and Mohammedans claim India; and, should the English leave, you would have wars and untold misery again. Only last year, up in the Nizam's territory, the Hindus and Mohammedans had a quarrel, and defiled each other's sacred places, and government had to send a strong force to restore order: so it would be all over India.

"You call the English invaders, and so they are. But were not the Hindus invaders? Did they not take the country from the aborigines, whose descendants are now the hill-tribes of India? and that the Mohammedans were invaders, you all know well. Then, the country did not, and does not, belong to the Hindus alone, or to the Mohammedans especially. You both have ruled until God took the kingdom from you. It is now given to the English; and you have no reason to murmur or complain. Nay, more: you ought to thank God, and pray for a continuance of this happy rule. The British rulers generally do all they can to improve the condition of the people, and make laudable efforts for the proper administration of justice; and, if they fail, it is due largely to the dishon-

esty practised by native officers, and the worthlessness of the testimony of natives under oath. Yes, now the poorest man, and the man of the lowest caste, can secure a hearing as well as the rich. I fear this is just what you don't want: but it is what God wants, and it must be; you cannot prevent what God ordains. Now, also, every man lies down at night in his house, with his wife and children about him, and, if he has a bamboo stick at hand to drive away any stray dog or snake, he feels perfectly safe. There are schools now in almost every village, supported in part or wholly by government, in which children may learn to read; and there are hospitals in all the large towns, where the sick are treated gratuitously. Roads, well kept, connect all the principal towns. Policemen, well superintended, patrol the highways, the towns, and the remotest hamlets. Post-offices are established every few miles; while telegraphic lines, railways, and canals make the means for sending news to friends, and of transporting your products to a good market, comparatively easy. In religious matters, every man can do as he chooses. He may worship Vishnu, or Siva, or Mohammed, or Jesus Christ. The English government does

not interfere with any man's religion; but all may discuss different faiths, politely, as long as they wish. Those that wish to hear may, and those who do not can walk away. We would not make Christians as the Mohammedans made converts. We believe that we must make known what the Christian religion is, and that God, when he wants men to be Christians, makes them such. Any other kind we do not want.

"Thus you see, my friends, that your meeting to-day was unnecessary: you have been fighting an imaginary evil or evils which did not exist. Please go home, and think well of what I have told you. In the mean time, if any of you wish to inquire more about the Christian religion, please come to my tent this evening or to-morrow. Our native preachers and I will be glad to talk with any one who is really anxious to learn more about the true God."



CHAPTER XIII.

A HINDU FESTIVAL.

AT the close of the missionary's address, the congregation soon scattered. Its effect was evident. The Brahmins and Mohammedans were angry with the missionary, with those who invited him to speak, and with the people for listening to him so attentively. As to the common people, they hardly knew what to think or say: few ventured to talk over what they had heard, for they could not deny the truth of what the missionary had said. Yet each hesitated to admit this, since he feared he would be laughed at by the other; and ridicule is something a Telugu cannot endure. This, or the fear of some other mischief if he expressed his honest opinion, kept Uppiah Naidu quiet when Kristna Row and other Brahmins vowed they would stop the spread of Christianity

although it cost a cart-load of rupees to gain their end.

They could not single out Rungiah, and persecute him, or injure his friends in Ahmudala; because they knew that Seetama had interceded for them, and that Uppiah Naidu and his brother had promised them protection. But in the village of Sullawar, only two miles beyond Ahmudala, were some Christians; and it was decided that they should be watched, and, as soon as they could be caught by any pretext, should be made an example. This conversation and plan did not please either Uppiah Naidu or Babiah Naidu; but they did not feel it their duty to oppose any plans, however bad, which could not harm either them or their friends. They listened in silence, save a nasal sound at the end of each sentence, which meant they were listening to the talk of their Brahmin villagers.

After Uppiah Naidu had reached home, and had his bath and supper, Seetama, who was anxious to hear the result of the meeting at Kuspa, asked him what was done, or if they reached any conclusion. He told her all, and added, "I cannot see where this is going to

end." Lukshmiah did not go to the meeting at Kuspa. It was necessary for him to stay at home, and take care of the crops; but from his father, Rungiah, Kristna Row, and others, he received a very faithful report of what each speaker said, and the result produced.

The time had now come when it was necessary to prepare for the great festival held annually about the 10th of March, at Podala, in honor of Siva, called "Siva Ratri," or night of Siva; and this engrossed the attention of all. This festival is in commemoration, some say, of the distress and danger to the god Siva after having swallowed the poison of the snake Vasuki. Others say that many centuries ago a mighty but wicked hunter went into the jungle for the purpose of hunting, and in the night climbed up a bael-tree (*Ægle marmelos*) for his safety. In order to make himself more secure, he broke off the branches near him, and threw them on the ground. They fell upon a "lingam," an idol emblematic of Siva, who mistook this for an act of worship, and was so pleased that he sent a chariot of fire to bring the worshipper to the abode of the gods, there to dwell forever. In commemoration of this,

and in the hope that they his faithful worshippers will receive like reward, the Hindus of the Siva sect hold this great festival annually, and sit up all night watching for the chariot.

Besides this annual "Siva Ratri" festival, the fourteenth night of the moon's wane is considered holy by all good Sivites. All the members of the family bathe, and at night visit the temple of Siva. A Brahmin pours water over the idol, and decorates it with flowers. He then reads over the thousand names of Siva, and at each name the worshippers throw leaves of the bael-tree on the lingam image.

The sect called Sivites worship Siva, or Mahadeva, as the Supreme Being. The Vishnuvites do not give him that honor, but worship Vishnu, in some of his mythical incarnations, as their principal god; and hence many at this festival worship Narasimha, the fifth manifestation of Vishnu, according to Hindu mythology, in the form of a man-lion. The story of this incarnation runs thus: —

"Two doorkeepers in the paradise of Vishnu had neglected their duty, and were, in consequence, sentenced to go down to earth, and be

four times slain by Vishnu in contemporary incarnations. One of the two doorkeepers was a monarch named Hiranya Casupa. He was cruel, tyrannical, and unjust, and particularly so towards his son Prahlada, who was meek, devout, and a lover of good men. At a time when this injustice had reached its climax, Vishnu burst forth from one of the columns in the tyrant's palace, with the head of a man and the body of a lion, and tore the tyrant in pieces."

Great preparations are made by the Telugus to attend festivals. Should you inquire why they go, or what good they expect to obtain by going, you might receive as many different answers as the number of persons you asked. Some go thinking to escape sin; others, to worship the idols, that they may gain their favor; others go to see the crowds who gather there, to gaze at the women, and to have a good time: but the great majority go because it is a custom which has come down from their forefathers, and they have no inclination to break away from long-established customs.

Seetama and Soobama were very busy for days before the festival. All the jewelry be-

longing to the family had to be cleaned, and the best clothes got ready, not only for themselves, but for their husbands and for all the children. The day preceding the festival, food had to be prepared in large quantities. This consisted of cakes and dishes made of the flour of different grains. Some kinds were made plain, some were sweetened with sugar, and others were mixed with spices. These were cooked in clarified butter or cocoanut-oil. Such dishes may be removed from the kitchen by the Hindus, and eaten anywhere, provided no one of a lower caste touches them.

The morning on which the festival began, all attired themselves in their best clothes, and put on all their jewelry not in common use, and, with smiling faces and apparently happy hearts, started for Podala. The women and children were in carts, drawn by milk-white bullocks; but the men walked, each with a substantial bamboo stick in his hand. At the edge of the village they were joined by fifty or more carts, and hundreds of others on foot. As they passed through other villages, or where other roads intersected theirs, the procession was increased to thousands.

As soon as they reached the suburbs of Podala, the procession from Ahmudala and that side scattered, each caste taking under the tamarind-trees a position favorable to seeing and hearing. The trees protect them from the heat by day, and from the dew by night. About villages where festivals are held, large orchards of mango and tamarind trees have been set out. Under these trees thousands of people in the dry, warm climate of South-eastern Hindustan may remain with considerable comfort for days.

After Uppiah Naidu and his company had taken up a position, and fed the bullocks, some remained by the camp, while the majority proceeded to the tank to bathe. When bathing, they repeated the name of some god. This ceremony being over, the more pious went to the temple to worship the idol, and then returned to their camp, when those who had remained went away also to bathe and worship. Seetama, who had staid at the camp, went and bathed; but, making some excuse to Mungama and Soobama, she did not go to the temple to worship the god. She came to see, because it was custom; not to worship, as others did, and as she had done in former years.

After refreshments had been served, Mungama remained to watch the camp, and the rest went off in groups to enjoy themselves. Thousands of others were doing the same. What a motley, noisy crowd! Rich Brahmins, and others in government employ, in holiday attire, in palanquins, in coaches, and on foot, every movement and look showing consciousness of their full importance; other castes in white or dyed turbans and punchas, or long cloths wrapped about their shoulders and loins, or with coats and punchas according to the taste and ability of the wearer, with staves or sticks in their hands, some talking, some chanting or repeating the name of one of their gods, and others calling as loudly as possible the name of some child, or friend lost from sight, — pass to and fro; while begging fakirs, magicians, harlequins, and hawkers of sweetmeats and trinkets, seem to be everywhere.

Women, also, are here in great numbers. The men are fond of festivals; but the women, if possible, enjoy them more. The screening of females from view by veils and close carriages, and in zenanas, is not customary in this section, except by a few wealthy Mohammedans

and a few Telugus here and there. The latter adopted this custom during the Mohammedan rule over India, on account of the bad and irregular conduct of the Moslems; and it has not yet been abandoned by all. The wealthy and very high caste women generally remain under the trees, singing, and gazing at the crowd; but they stroll about occasionally to the shops for trinkets and sweetmeats, and to see the procession with the gods when it passes. Most of the women are dressed in cotton, and have on only a few pieces of jewelry; but others, and some of the children, are dressed in fine silk of various colors, and wear belts of silver around their waists, or gold chains braided into their hair. Rings of the same metals, sometimes set with gems, are in their noses and ears, and around their wrists, ankles, and toes.

Thus the first day of the festival passed away. When evening came, the scene was changed. Two gods, Nimiah and Nimabukturalu, were to be married. These idols had been made of clay for the occasion. The ceremony, the same as that used in marrying men and women, was performed by a Brahmin

priest. When this was over, the gods were put in an open palanquin, and carried back and forth through the streets all night: every few rods the procession stopped for the display of fire-works, and for the dancing-girls to dance and sing, while the people worshipped the images in the palanquin, and brought gifts to them.

The second day the crowd increased in size; and two or three preachers came, with several colportors, to talk when the preachers got tired, and to sing hymns. The preachers took a position in a conspicuous place, which they changed occasionally; while the colportors went here and there among the crowd, offering their books for sale. But little was going on, as all were preparing for the coming night. About seven o'clock in the evening, away in the direction of the temples, there was a loud sound of music, and shouts from many voices; and simultaneously the whole multitude started in the direction of the noise. The priests of the god Siva, or Mahadeva, had brought him out on a palanquin; and the great night of Siva Ratri began.

Siva, or Mahadeva (the great god), is said to

be called by a thousand names. He is supposed to be gigantic in size, of white or ashy color, with a perpendicular eye in his forehead, which, when opened, emits destructive fire. He is said to have a crescent moon on his forehead, and the goddess Gunga in his hair, which is the source of the Ganges river. He wears the hide of an elephant, and the skin of a tiger: he bears a necklace of human skulls, and deadly serpents are intwined around his arms. In his hands he holds various emblems, the most conspicuous of which are the Shulamu, or trident, and the strangulative cord: hence the epithet "Pasupati," lord of life, is given to him. The idol representing such a god, which was richly adorned with jewelry of pure gold, caused great excitement in the expectant multitude. The people rushed so frantically to and fro to get a sight of the god, and to worship it, that the police, although out in full force, had much difficulty to prevent accidents. The procession at last started, and was continued as was the procession of the night before, except that the crowd was larger, the dancing-girls more numerous, the pyrotechnics grander, and the worshippers more zealous.

In the early morning of the third day, the idol Siva, or Mahadeva, was taken from the palanquin, and placed upon the great wooden car called in Telugu the Taroo, but generally known in America and England as the car of Jaganath, from the name the god Kristnah bears at Pooree in Orissa, where the largest and most holy temple to that god is located. This car was now to be drawn until ten o'clock in the forenoon, and then the festival for the masses would be at an end: but, before it could be moved, sacrifices must be made to evil spirits and to rival gods; for the people believed, that while Mahadeva, or Siva, was strong, yet other gods could injure him.

A large lot of grain was cooked, and placed in a heap near the car; a sheep was killed, and its blood poured upon the heap; incense was burnt, and muntras were said, praying the other gods and evil spirits to accept the sacrifice they had made to them, and not to be jealous and injure them, or break the car, on account of the honor they were giving to Siva.

Up to this time Uppiah Naidu, Lukshmiah, and Seetama had been simply lookers-on. But Uppiah Naidu and Lukshmiah were highly ex-

cited; and, forgetting all they had heard about idols and the folly of worshipping them, they, with the masses, were carried away, and bowed down in worship to Mahadeva as he sat upon the car. Not so with Seetama, who turned away, and soon after, seeking an excuse, went to the camp under the friendly tree.

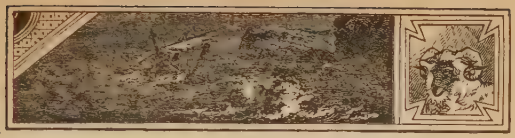
After the incense had been burnt to the evil spirits, the three Brahmin priests who minister continually to Mahadeva, a carpenter to repair any damages, a vestal dancing-girl to sing to the god and soothe him, and a government policeman to keep order, mounted the car, and took their seats behind the image.

The wheels of the car, six in number, were made of thick wooden planks spiked together, and were perhaps eight feet in diameter. On the top of these, there was a framework about twenty feet long by ten feet wide. On this platform was a pyramidal tower about twenty feet high, the top of which was covered with red and yellow cloth. A large cable rope, four inches in diameter, and two or three hundred feet in length, was attached to the axle-tree of the car, and passed out along the road in the direction they would go.

At the appointed time the managing Brahmin cried out, "It is now time for the car of the Supreme Lord to move. Draw the car of Mahadeva." At this a thousand willing men, and among them Uppiah Naidu and Lukshmiah, laid hold of the cable; and, each crying to Siva, "Please let the car come! Help to make it move! If you do not give permission it will not come!" pulled with all their strength. There was a deafening noise of music, shouting, and praying, a creaking of the wheels and shaking of the frame of the old car, and it began to move. During the whole time of the procession the car was stopped every few rods, when incense was burned, and the people rushed around it in crowds, and, throwing into it bundles of betel-nuts, and the spicy leaves of the chavica-betel, and other offerings, fell down and worshipped Mahadeva, the so-called Lord of the universe.

As one set of men wearied, others took their places. Though the Telugus in this region are generally a temperate people, those who drew the car of Jaganath indulged freely for the time in arrack, and smoked bhang, and ate opium; and, long before the time arrived to

return the car to its wonted place, the excitement of the multitude was great, while many were in a frenzy; and some, no doubt, had it not been for the strong police-guard always near the car when it moved, would have thrown themselves under the wheels, as their ancestors frequently did. But I need not write more. The return of the car, and the scattering of the multitude to their homes, can be better imagined than described.



CHAPTER XIV.

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

AS soon as the car was in its accustomed place, Uppiah Naidu and his company partook of refreshments; but, as they were all much fatigued, they lay down in the shade of the tamarind-tree under which they had encamped, and slept soundly until four o'clock in the afternoon, when they all started for home, where they expected to arrive about dark. Lukshmiah asked his father's permission to go on before as fast as he could, and arrange for their suppers, and see if the cows, buffaloes, and goats had been properly herded and cared for by the servant who had been left in charge of the premises during the festival.

Lukshmiah walked rapidly on; but, before he had gone far, he overtook Rungiah and one or two other Christians from Sullawar who had

been to the festival to assist the native preachers. As Rungiah was of the same village as Lukshmiah, they all walked on together; and soon the conversation turned upon the festival. Rungiah was much interested in Lukshmiah. He had known him ever since he was a child. He had always been kind and considerate, much like Seetama his mother. Since his conversion Rungiah had often talked to Lukshmiah about Jesus and heaven; and he felt very sad when he saw him helping to draw the car during the festival, and afterwards bowing down to the idol Siva. So, as soon an opportunity presented itself, he said to Lukshmiah, —

"I think I saw you worshipping the god this morning; did I not?"

Lukshmiah felt tired and nervous, and somewhat troubled in conscience: hence his answer was not very assuring.

"Yes, I did worship Mahadeva to-day: what harm was there in that? Is he not the Lord of the universe? Is he not the Destroyer? If we can gain his favor by worshipping him, should we not do so?"

"O Lukshmiah! Lukshmiah! why do you

talk thus? I hoped that you had abandoned the worship of idols. Do you not know that the image you worshipped has no life or knowledge or strength? I have often told you this, Lukshmiah; and I thought both you and your mother had abandoned the worship of false gods. Yes, I hoped for more, — even that you were beginning to believe in Jesus."

"Stop, stop," said Lukshmiah: "I am not a Christian. Did you not always worship Siva, until a few months ago? Why, then, do you blame me for worshipping as I have every year since I can remember? Our ancestors worshipped thus, and I am but a youth. What do I know? I have always been told that our Mahadeva is really the great God, that his three eyes indicate his three views of time, — the past, the present, and the future; that the crescent on his forehead portrays the measure of time by the phases of the moon; that the serpent which forms the necklace denotes the measure of time by the year; that the second necklace of human skulls indicates the lapse and revolution of ages, and the extinction and succession of the generation of mankind; his body is decked with serpents,

emblems of immortality and eternity; the rope is to bind offenders; while the trident indicates that he is the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer of the universe. If this is true, why do we need other gods?"

"I am an uneducated man, you know," said Rungiah. "I cannot argue with you, neither can I answer your questions; but I do not think that Siva has the attributes his followers ascribe to him. In fact, I do not believe that there is any being which corresponds with Siva in the universe. I worshipped him for long years, from the earliest days of my remembrance until a few months ago. I am now getting old, my hair is turning gray. I do not think that Siva ever did me any good. He never took away my sorrow when my children died. He never made me feel that the sins I have committed had been taken away; and he never gave me peace in my mind, or real happiness, such as I now enjoy."

"Well, come, Rungiah, let us change the conversation. We must hurry home," said Lukshmiah.

"But will you not promise to think of what I have said, and of what preacher Obulu told you a few weeks ago?" asked Rungiah.

"When Obulu preached," replied Lukshmiah, "I did think something of your religion; but after he left I soon forgot what he said. Your God has not given me the mind yet to leave our old and honored religion, made sacred by a thousand remembrances. If he does, then I may believe in Jesus as you request; but I cannot now: so do not trouble me any more. Others may heed you, I cannot."

"But, Lukshmiah, are you going to give up all hope of heaven as you have heard it described? Is your mother feeling as you do?" asked Rungiah anxiously.

"I do not know how my mother feels," said Lukshmiah; "but I have told you I do not want to talk any more on the subject, so let us stop."

"Well, I will; but allow me to pray to my God to give you light, and reveal himself to you: will you not?" said Rungiah.

"Yes, you may pray for me as much as you like," said Lukshmiah, "if you will only stop talking now."

Lukshmiah's conscience troubled him. He had, in the excitement at Podala, worshipped the idol with more enthusiasm than he intended. He did not yet wish to forsake all idolatry, but

meant to worship Mahadeva just enough to keep the god, if it was a god, from being angry, and enough to satisfy his villagers that he was not a Christian, even if he was friendly to Christians.

As the crops had all been gathered before the Siva Ratri festival, there was not much work to do on the farm, save to feed the stock, and draw the ashes which had accumulated during the year to the fields for dressing. But this work, and attending the marriages which usually take place between the first of April and the first of July, are enough, considering the extreme heat of the hot season, when the thermometer often stands for weeks as high as a hundred and twelve degrees in the shade at noon, and sometimes at a hundred degrees at midnight.

About the first of July the south-west trade-winds, which usually begin about the middle of May, bring rain in sufficient quantities to enable cultivators to commence sowing the fields. But in the year 1876, of which we are writing, the rains failed to come at the usual time. Days and weeks passed, and yet there was no sign of rain. The people of Ahmudala and thousands

of other villages became alarmed. Babiah Naidu and Kristna Row called a public meeting to take into consideration what should be done to appease the gods, and induce them to send the much-needed rain.

The meeting was largely attended. Several speeches were made. Some thought that they had not been devoted enough to their village deities; and that these, being angry, did not allow the rains to come. Others thought the fault was in allowing the Christians to remain in Ahmudala, and urged that Rungiah and his friends be made to return to their former gods, or else to leave. But, before the meeting ended, it was decided, that as Polarumma, the goddess of small-pox, malignant diseases, and other evils, had had no festival in her honor for two or three years, probably she was doing the mischief. They therefore agreed to make a special festival to this goddess. Each head of a family was to provide a pair of bullocks and a cart (the top to be covered with red and yellow cloth), and a sheep, and some grain and incense, and to be ready to join in procession to Polarumma's shrine on the morning of the third day; and the meeting broke up.

The next day the grain and sheep and incense were prepared; and at the appointed time all Ahmudala, except the very old, the sick, young infants, and the Christians, were ready. In the carts, besides the grain and sheep which each family contributed, were all the children of the household; for they hoped that when the goddess saw these she would have compassion on them, and forgive more readily the neglect of the parents. When the procession reached the shrine, they moved in a large circle three times around it. Music of various kinds preceded the carts. When these circuits had been made, the grain was taken out of the carts, and poured in heaps about the idol. The sheep were sacrificed before it, and incense burnt in profusion. Then the children were brought, who prostrated themselves before the goddess, and begged her to forgive their parents, and send them rain, and give them crops, that they might not die of hunger. Finally the men and women fell down before the idol, their foreheads touching the ground, and prayed the goddess to cease being angry and to give them rain; and many of them further promised, that, if she would give them rain and good crops this year, next year they

would make a two-days' festival to her, and sacrifice two sheep and twice as much grain, and burn twice as much incense, as they had that day.

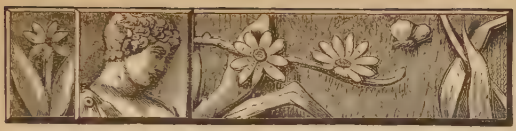
The people went home, and waited anxiously for rain; but alas! it did not come. Festivals were made to Gungama, the goddess of water, and to other gods and goddesses; but the sun continued as before to rise day by day like a ball of fire, and to pour its scorching rays upon the already parched and thirsty earth, and to set in a cloudless sky.

Months passed. The time for the north-east monsoon came, when all confidently expected an abundance of rain, and good crops of some kinds of grain which matured quickly. But the monsoon came not. "The living God," said a native preacher at this time to his congregation in Ongole, "has come with his chastening rod to punish his idol-worshipping children, and has already locked up the rain-clouds in his godowns, and has put the keys in his pocket."

"The brilliant lustre of the diamond lake,
The emerald greenness of the waving fields,
The shady groves, and pleasant cottage grounds,
And all the beauties of the happy vale,

Soon vanished imperceptibly, as if
Some unconsuming furnace underneath
Had baked the earth, and rendered it all bare,
Until its inmates wandered desolate,
With hollow cheeks, sunk eyes, and haggard faces,
Like walking skeletons pasted o'er with skin."

The hearts of brave, strong men began to fail them; and some of the pious, even, began to doubt the favor of God. An awful famine was inevitable.



CHAPTER XV.

PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE.

IT will be remembered that Kristna Row and other Brahmins went home from the public meeting at Kuspa breathing vengeance against the Christians, and that the family living in Sullawar had been singled out for persecution. The unregenerate Telugu can wait patiently for months or even years, if necessary, to carry out a scheme to thwart and humble an adversary, and in the mean time can smile and chat pleasantly with his victims. No cat or tiger playing tenderly with the poor creature which it is about to devour can excel in duplicity an ordinary Brahmin.

Bodiah and his family, which consisted of himself, wife, and two grown-up sons, Narasu and Chinna Narasu, with their families, were happy and thankful, notwithstanding the lack

of rain. Why should they not be? God had years before, through faithful native preachers, showed them the way of life, and given them new hearts; and the love of sin and idolatry had given place to a real living faith in Christ Jesus as their Saviour, and zeal for his cause. All things had indeed become new to them. They owned about thirty acres of land, and as many bullocks, cows, and buffaloes as they needed. On the farm there was a well which supplied water sufficient to irrigate several acres; and thus, by means of their bullocks and pulleys, they were enabled to raise quite a crop when the fields all about were dry and parched. They had built a small schoolhouse, which also served them for a place of worship on Sundays, and supported a school-teacher at their own expense; and they hoped to be able, not only to live through the famine themselves by means of their well, but to continue to care for the teacher, and to save their stock from perishing.

By January, 1877, the old supply of grain was generally exhausted, and all kinds of labor suspended. When any grain was for sale, it could be had for cash only, and at famine

prices. Bands of dacoits roamed over the country, and took what they could find, using force when necessary. A man in Sullawar, of the shepherd caste, folded his sheep near the Christians' hamlet. He had collected about thirty bushels of grain, and buried it in a pit near his sheep-fold, and at night would take his cot, and put it over the pit, and sleep there, watching his flock and his grain at the same time. The bandits heard of this deposit of grain, and some thirty of them came after it. They caught the poor shepherd, stuck a cloth in his mouth, tied his hands behind his back, threw him down, and then, placing the cot over him, one of the party quietly sat down upon it, while the rest unearthed the grain. Early the next morning the news of this robbery was all over Sullawar, and had reached Ahmudala.

"Now is our time," said Kristna Row to some of his intimate friends. "The gods are on our side, and we shall stop the spread of this unbearable religion of the English."

He hastened to the tank, and bathed, and said his muntras, then went to the temple, and bowed to Ramaswamy and Lukshmanaswamy, and, taking two or three other Brahmins with him, started for Sullawar.

"Now is the time," said he to the Brahmin kurnam of Sullawar, "to take our revenge. We can now punish the Christians in your village, and teach them better than to abandon the gods of their fathers; and we shall strike fear into the hearts of all who are thinking about the new religion throughout all this region."

"It is good, it is good," said the Sullawar kurnam. "Your suggestion pleases me. I am exceedingly annoyed with the Christian Bodiah and his sons. When they see me approaching, because I am a Brahmin and the kurnam of Sullawar, and they only tanners by caste, you know they should step to the leeward side of the road, and take off their sandals, then put the palms of their hands together, and raise them to their foreheads until I pass by. But they refuse to do this, and will only make their salaams to me as to an equal. They have also built a schoolhouse, and have got a teacher from Ongole, and some fifteen of their children are going to school every day. Such conduct cannot be endured much longer, and I hail any plan to stop the spread of this hateful sect. But what is your plan? I had almost forgotten the probable necessity of haste."

"Well," said Kristna Row, "dacoits carried off the grain of shepherd Cotiah, I hear."

"Yes; but what has that to do with Bodiah and his sons?" asked the kurnam.

"Much," replied Kristna Row.

"I don't see that," rejoined the other; "for everybody here knows that Bodiah and his sons are honest men. Even when they were of our religion, they were never charged with stealing. You must get some other plan."

"My plan is good," said Kristna Row; "and if you help me, it will work, and work nicely, else I am not a Brahmin."

"Rama! Rama!" ejaculated the kurnam of Sullawar. "Tell me your plan. I will help you all I can. Your words give me confidence."

"We will go to the shepherd Cotiah," said Kristna Row, "and persuade him to complain to the police at once, and to testify that he recognized Narasu and his brother, the sons of the Christian Bodiah, as among the dacoits. When the sergeant and inspector of police from Podala come, we shall speak to them, and they will readily indorse our plan. Afterwards we will quietly get the sub-Tahsildar at Podala,

who will try the case, to put it off indefinitely. The sub-jail at Podala is full, therefore the prisoners will have to be put in stocks out doors; and there we will teach them by the month not to disgrace our gods and insult Brahmins."

"But will not the missionary at Ongole soon bring this nice plan to nought, and cause us to get punished ourselves? We must be careful," said the kurnam.

"I have thought of all that," said Kristna Row. "The missionary at Ongole is now very busy, — so Bodiah told me, — and cannot leave home. He has taken a large contract to dig on the canal, and is collecting all the poor Christians and others, and giving them work. Besides this, the sub-collector will not now try any such cases as this will be. He is busy travelling, and laying out roads for relief-works. Moreover, the best part of my plan is this: When the missionary hears that Bodiah's sons have been put in jail for dacoity, he will be very angry. He is a very strict man; and, if any one steals or robs, he will not have them about any more. When he hears that Bodiah's sons have robbed, he will cast them all off; and

then we will punish them until we are satisfied. When it is known that the missionary has abandoned them, they will beg and plead until we intercede with the sub-Tahsildar to let them go; and that will be the end of the Christians, and we shall live and be honored as were our worthy sires."

"But, should this case be called by the sub-collector, by whom can we prove that Bodiah's sons were among the dacoits?" asked the kurnam.

"Leave that to me," replied Kristna Row. "The shepherd Cotiah will swear that he recognized them. I shall get Uppiah Naidu and Lukshmiah, who last night came home from Agraharum, to swear that they saw some men running, and that they recognized Bodiah's sons among the others."

"Will they swear to this?" asked the kurnam.

"Of course they will," said Kristna Row. "Is it not a common cause to all good Telugus?"

The plan thus arranged was carried out to the letter. The houses of the Christians were searched, and they were taken to Podala. A

form of inquiry was gone through with by the police; and, as there was no room in the jail, their feet were placed in a log of wood, hewed out for the purpose in the open yard, to await their trial. Here, along with a hundred others who were guilty of all manner of crimes, exposed to the heat of the sun by day and the cold dews and chilling winds by night, with neither bed nor blanket, with scanty garments to cover their bodies, they had to bear witness for Jesus as did the Apostle Paul. Right well they acquitted themselves. They sang of Jesus and his love; they did not murmur, but they cast their burden on Him who cared for them; and they exhorted all their fellow-prisoners to repent, and believe in the one true and living God.

The story of the wrong which the Brahmins had done was soon known to all the prisoners and to many others; and no little pity was felt for Narasu and his brother. But the Brahmin's heart knows no pity. Day by day the sub-Tahsildar passed by in sight of the prisoners, and yet no trial was ordered. The kurnams of Ahmudala and Sullawar, and other Brahmins and Mohammedans, and some Sudras,

would tauntingly ask the Christians sitting in the stocks, —

"Well, how about your schoolhouse now? Will you now let the sacred tuft of hair grow on your head? Will you return to the gods of your fathers? Will you worship us Brahmins?"

To these and many other taunts and insults those two noble young men for four and a half long months heroically replied, —

"We have done no fault. We only believe in the God who created us, preserves us, and died to save us. We have not yet suffered so much as he did for us. You know not what you are doing. Your master, the Devil, makes you do very bad things. May God open your eyes to see what you are doing! As for us, although you kill us, or keep us here until we die, we can not, we will not, give up our religion, and forsake our Lord and blessed Saviour, to worship gods of wood and stone and metal as you do."

The father did all in his power for his sons. He went to Ongole, and the missionary joined with him in writing petitions, begging that the Christians in Podala might have a trial; but

the Brahmins had determined that there should be no trial, and they well-nigh succeeded.

At last the sub-Tahsildar of Podala was removed. The man who came in his stead could not be either bribed or flattered by ordinary means. The Christians were called; but, as he did not have authority to try so serious a case, they were sent to Ongole. Kristna Row and the kurnam of Sullawar did their best to get witnesses. Among others called, were Uppiah Naidu and Lukshmiah. The witnesses were all taught what they should say in court. When they were instructing Lukshmiah, he said to Kristna Row, —

"What harm have Bodiah's sons done? I know of nothing, except that they have believed in the living God. Is that a crime to be punished?"

"What!" said Kristna Row, "will you also join with them? Their new religion is a vain thing. It makes them proud and lazy and insolent. They now talk as though they were our equals. They despise our gods. They violate the customs which our ancestors established, and which are sacred. Will you allow this? Are not you angry?"

Lukshmiah replied that Bodiah and his sons had believed in the true God, and he had blessed them; and that he could not question their right to feel as they did. He knew no evil of them.

After this an attempt was made to keep Lukshmiah from going as a witness to Ongole, but nevertheless he went. When the case was called, some witnesses said that on the night of the robbery they saw Narasu and his brother running; and others, that they saw them with grain: but the witnesses so broke down on cross-examination that their testimony was worthless. Uppiah Naidu said that he had known the prisoners since their childhood, and had never heard any evil of them. When Lukshmiah was called, he told the sub-judge the whole plan, and how the police-sergeant and Kristna Row and others had tried to get him to swear falsely; and concluded by saying that he believed the prisoners honest and good men.

The evidence was all forwarded to the judge, an English gentleman in Nellore; and he dismissed the case. Afterwards Bodiah and his sons brought a suit for false imprisonment and

libel against the shepherd who had brought the groundless charge to please the Brahmins and enemies of Christianity, and obtained pay for all the time they were imprisoned, and for all the losses which they had sustained.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GREAT FAMINE.

TIPPIAH NAIDU and his brothers had several large wells on their farms; and, as these were only a few feet deep, they could irrigate enough ground to give them subsistence. Some others here and there had similar wells; but to millions in South-eastern India, New Year's, 1877, was a sad day. It was made sadder to thinking men from the fact that Mr. Disraeli — afterwards Lord Beaconsfield — and his party had selected it as the day to proclaim the Queen of England Empress of India; and preparations for Durbars and parades and salutes and balls and pyrotechnics at Delhi and other large cities had been made on a scale of splendor heretofore unknown, even in this land of kings and nabobs. Money was spent in profusion. But, while the

few were feasting, millions were gathering roots and leaves to eat, with the almost certain prospect of death at an early day by starvation, or by diseases brought on by want and improper food. Better counsels soon prevailed at the government-houses in Madras and Calcutta; and, by the 1st of February, relief-works on a large scale were started in various parts of the famine-stricken country.

Rungiah and the other Christians of Ahmudala, and many others, heard that the missionaries at Ongole had contracted to dig a portion of the Buckingham Canal, in order to give work to Christians and others in need; and they hastened off to Ongole and Camp Razupalum, eight miles beyond, nearer the sea. Before he left, Rungiah went to bid Seetama and her family good-by. Uppiah Naidu was glad that a way had been opened for Rungiah to live, and said that perhaps Lukshmiah, and some of the other young men of the village, might be glad to get work at Ongole after a little.

Lukshmiah was sorry to have Rungiah go. He longed to go with him to the canal, — though he hardly knew why, — and asked him to send him word frequently how he got on, and what the chances were for work.

"I think your God is going to deliver you, Rungiah," said Seetama. "Our gods have all failed us. I shall never worship them again. If your God does not pity us, and give us rain and food, we shall die. He is our only hope. May your God care for you, Rungiah! Think of us sometimes, and pity us."

"I believe my God will take care of me and my little ones," said Rungiah. "Be sure that I shall call upon him, and be faithful to him. But O Seetama! if you and your husband and son Lukshmiah would only believe as I do, I should be very happy."

"We may believe yet," said Seetama. But here Soobama and Babiah Naidu came within hearing distance, and the conversation had to stop, because of late both the moonsiff, Babiah Naidu, and Soobama had become more bitter against the Christian religion. Distress and horrid sights and dark prospects seemed to be used to lead some to renounce idols, and to seek for truth and light, while the hearts of others grew harder every day.

When Rungiah's company reached the camp on the canal, they were very weak, and scarcely able to drag themselves along; but a few days

of proper, wholesome food, and the prospect of abundance of work at a good price, put new life into the whole company. After the work had been going on a few days, the contractor called Rungiah and a number of the trustworthy Christians, and told them that he thought there might be a great number of Christians and others in their villages and among their acquaintance who were not able to collect food enough to last them while on the road to the canal.

"Others also," he said, "may not know of our work here, and others yet may be afraid to come to us; for I hear that bad and foolish men are spreading all kinds of reports about us and the object of this kindness which you have experienced, and which you know to be of God. I want each of you, therefore, to take some money, and go back to your villages, and give to all who are anxious to come here to work money to pay their expenses while coming. Urge all to come; and, if there are any too old or too weak to work, bring them also, and we will take care of them. But first talk with the preachers, who are now your overseers here, and learn all about the work and the benefits of

coming, and the probability of death by starvation to all poor people who do not come; and then you can answer all the questions which will be asked."

In a few hours thirty or more men might have been seen hurrying away to their native villages. As soon as Rungiah reached Ahmudala, he went to see Uppiah Naidu and Seetama. They were glad to see him, and asked him to sit down, and tell them all about the work he had been doing, and what he thought of it; "for," said Seetama, "we have heard awful stories of what the government and the missionaries are going to do after a while."

"What stories have you heard?" asked Rungiah.

"Many stories," said Seetama. "One was, that, as soon as they have enticed all the young men and women they can to these works, they are going to send steamers up the coast to a place opposite the camps, and then send all the men off to England to be soldiers, and the women to be slaves."

"Well, that is one good story: what else have you heard?" asked Rungiah.

"Oh! plenty of others," said Seetama. "Lis-

ten, and be patient. Some say that your missionary is going to make all who go to the canal break their caste; and others think that by some enchantment or muntras, he is going to make them all Christians. We have heard that the gentlemen on the canal have dug a great many graves; and that when the proper time comes they will kill all the people, and thus make room for Englishmen to settle in India. It is also reported that the steam-engine, one of the goddesses of the English, is angry because she has been made to pull such big loads of grain for the famine-stricken districts, and that she refuses to work until some little girls are sacrificed to her. They say that the government has sent secret officers to hunt up some pure and beautiful girls for this offering. Many have kept their girls locked up during the night, for fear of those agents who are supposed to come at night, and to give stupefying drugs to the girls, and then lead them away."

"Well, well, I am astonished," said Rungiah. "These stories are enough. Here are the facts: You and our people generally cannot understand our missionaries, and the motives

which actuate our rulers. Hindus, educated according to their religion, cannot understand Christians, who act according to our Bible, which is the book of God, any more than a blind man can understand about the beauties of nature. They judge others according to their own selfish, evil hearts. No, no! Our missionaries are not new people. They have lived in Ongole for many years. Some of their children are now here, and my little girl had a good play with them the other day when I was in Ongole. They came out here because they love us. Just think, when they came back to Ongole three years ago, they left their oldest boy and oldest girl in America, because they could not be educated here. They are doing all they can to save the lives of the people, because of this love. They are doing just as their religion teaches them to do. Did not Jesus come down to this world because he loved us? Then, why should not these missionaries do as their Master did?"

"But what about government?" said Uppiah Naidu.

"Why, I think I have heard the preachers say that government is doing just as a wise,

good shepherd would do," answered Rungiah. "He would save the lives of his flock at almost any cost, because he loves them, because it is his duty to do so, and because by them he gets his living. If the sheep all die, he and his children would starve. So, if the government lets its people die, in what condition will the rulers be? And then the work they are getting done, I have been told, will pay good interest on the money spent in a short time. Then, instead of doubting the missionaries and government because they are kind and considerate, all should thankfully accept the provision they have made, and live."

Rungiah then told in detail of the work on the canal, which altogether was about one hundred miles in length, and of the vast multitudes of coolies engaged in it. Then he spoke of the camp at Razupalum, established by the missionaries, where there were over five hundred huts made of bamboo-poles and palmyra-leaves, and upwards of three thousand coolies, besides old men and women and small children who were supported gratuitously. "All is kept in perfect order," he said, "by the missionary and the preachers, who are aided by a number of

camp-watchers, and, if necessary, by a squad of sappers and miners whose hut is not distant. Oh, yes! the great God has raised up these means to save us and our little ones alive."

Uppiah Naidu and Lukshmiah were deeply interested in Rungiah's description of the work on the canal; and Seetama could not suppress the tears of joy which came unbidden to her eyes.

Rungiah soon went on his way, for his errand required haste. Thousands everywhere were trying to live on roots and on the fruit of the prickly pear, a coarse and unwholesome substitute for food. But many fell sick of dysentery and diarrhœa; and it was well known that such food even could not be expected much longer. Rungiah and others who went out to call the starving performed their duty faithfully, and they brought hundreds to the camp on the canal. But many would not listen to their pleading, and said, "If it is fated for us to die, we shall die. What is the use trying to avoid what has been decreed by the gods? If we try to escape punishment, will not a worse evil overtake us? If we stay at home, perhaps the gods will pity us. Why should we go away

from our own village to die?" The agents from the canal had to turn away; and a few weeks later jackals and dogs and hyenas were gorging themselves on the dead bodies of many believers in fate. Heart-rending were the scenes witnessed by those men, as they passed back and forth from the canal to the distant villages. It was a common thing to see dead bodies lying beside the road, with wild animals and carrion-birds tearing them to pieces: many were seen, who, having sunk down in utter helplessness, were still gasping in the agony of starvation, mothers and their famishing infants perishing together. Those poor starving creatures were left to lie there and die, and remain unburied; because not one traveller in fifty, perhaps, who passed along, had strength enough to raise them up, nor any food to give them if he could.

Six fearful months passed, and rains came. In September, Rungiah and his family, except his oldest son and daughter, whom he left in school in Ongole, returned to Ahmudala to commence cultivating his small farm. This was made ready, and sown with seed he had bought with the money saved while at work on

the canal. But a few days later this seed, and that sown at the same time by tens of thousands of other farmers, rotted in the ground. Seed, obtained with great difficulty by most people, was again purchased and sown. It came up, and the farmers and the whole populace rejoiced; but judge how the hearts of the bravest sank within them when great swarms of locusts, which no one could number, swept down upon all this part of the country, and ate up most of the young grain before they left.

The means of Rungiah, and of multitudes of other poor farmers and artisans, were exhausted. They were in despair. It was believed that government could give no further help; and this, with reports of continued calamities, was telegraphed to England by far-seeing, kind-hearted men in Madras, and a few days later similar messages were sent to America. God put it into the hearts of Englishmen to inaugurate a charity, perhaps unequalled in the history of the world.

This money, and goodly sums from America also, were freely given to buy seed again; and in due time a partial crop was reaped. In May, 1878, money for seed-grain was again

issued to poor and needy farmers; and four months later the famine, which had swept away, either directly or indirectly, about six millions of human beings, was at an end. But to this day the evidences of that terrible famine may be seen in the numbers of human bones that lie bleaching in the fields, and beside the road. This last act of kindness of the English nation made a deep impression throughout the famine-stricken region, and all India. Hindus everywhere had to acknowledge that such charity had never been heard of in India before. Christianity had gained a triumph. Seetama, no doubt, expressed the secret thought and purpose of multitudes, when she said to Rungiah, "Your God is the living God. I shall believe in him only hereafter."

CHAPTER XVII.

LUKSHMIAH'S CONVERSION.

DURING the last few months of the famine, Lukshmiah began to think much of what he had heard about the Christian religion; and occasionally he would call upon God to give him wisdom, and teach him what to do. Sometimes he felt that he was a Christian: then for days he would be entirely discouraged, and would almost give up hope of ever becoming as Rungiah described himself, a new creature, and happy because of peace with God and the hope of heaven. He talked often with Rungiah, who encouraged him, and instructed him as well as his own limited knowledge would allow. Lukshmiah also often spoke to Seetama, his mother, about his desires and feelings. Her advice, although probably the best for Lukshmiah in the end, did not

tend to strengthen his dawning faith. She would say to her son, —

"You know, Lukshmiah, that I am not a Christian. It is true that I have abandoned the worship of idols, and I try to pray to the God of Rungiah and the Christians; but I am only a woman, and I cannot leave my family. I must do as well as I can, in the narrow sphere in which I am placed."

At another time, Lukshmiah would say, —

"I shall become a Christian, and will learn to read and write, and perhaps I may be a preacher. Our religion is all a humbug and lies, our priests are cheats, and many of our caste people rascals. See what they did to Bodiah's sons, and what they tried to do to Rungiah and the Christians here. If it had not been for you, mother, what would have become of the Christians of Ahmudala?"

"I am inclined to think," said Seetama, "that it was not I who saved the Christians from persecutions, but God. He used me as I use a wooden spoon to stir up the curry when it is cooking. This lesson, I think, we have learned since the famine began. I have not heard that any real Christians have died of

starvation: in fact, some of them made money during the famine. Now, my son, I don't want you to make a mistake. You must obey God; but be sure that it is God who is calling you, before you run. Your father and uncles are honorable people. They occupy prominent positions; and their caste, while not the highest, is one that is respected by all Hindus. If you are baptized, and eat with Christians, your caste will be broken, and your own village people, who now would think it an honor to carry your sandals, will abuse you. Your father and your uncle, the moonsiff of Ahmudala, will be angry, and may disown you; and perhaps even I, your mother, will have to refuse to let you live in the house where you were born. Look, and think well before you act; and may the Christians' God ever guide you!"

During the conversation, both Seetama and Lukshmiah wept freely. Both felt sad, for they were much attached to each other; and Lukshmiah would go away, and pray as Rungiah had taught him: "O God! I am a poor sinner. I want to believe in Jesus Christ, and go to heaven. If I am not too bad, make me your child, and open the way for me to go to

school, and afterwards tell about the true God and salvation to the people of my caste, who now are so ignorant and bad."

Weeks passed, when one day Seetama, perhaps feeling that she had been too cautious in advising her son, said to him, —

"Lukshmiah, somehow I feel that you and your brother can never get on well together. If you could get some good employment away from Ahmudala, and should go away and do well, I should rejoice."

She could not advise her son to become a Christian, and profess his faith openly. She was not certain that his faith was deep enough. He might repent and come back; and then, if it were known that she had advised him to break his caste, she would be reproached by all. Hence, like a wise mother, she presented the bad as well as the good to Lukshmiah, throwing out leading thoughts, and intimating what her own feelings would be if he should leave Ahmudala for some honorable occupation. This greatly relieved Lukshmiah; for he dreaded to leave his native village, both from love for it, and from fear lest all his relatives should think him a wild, heartless young man.

Americans can hardly understand the intense love the Telugus have for the village where they were born and bred.

An eventful period came at last. God was working in the hearts of multitudes on the Ongole mission field in a remarkable manner. Men and women, old and young, were stirred to the depths of their souls, and the questions, "What must I do to be saved?" and "What more must I do?" were discussed in hundreds of villages and hamlets; and a goodly number decided that they would be Christians, professing Christ boldly, and following him at any cost.

Lukshmiah and his brother had labored hard, and, with the aid of hired servants, had thoroughly prepared their fields for the seed-drill a few days before the usual time of sowing. As soon as this fact was known to Seetama, she asked her husband if Lukshmiah might not take a few presents, and go and visit his sister in Olate, and see how she was getting on; and added, that, as the distance was only forty miles, he could be back before the time for seeding came. Uppiah Naidu readily consented to the plan; and, as Lukshmiah was always

willing to go to Olate, Seetama's preparations for the journey at once commenced. Besides jackets and turmeric and rouge for his sister, she gave Lukshmiah food for the journey, and pocket-money enough to provide him with food for half a month. Seetama appeared very happy as she kissed her son a hearty good-by, and sent him away.

Whether Seetama saw that Lukshmiah could not make up his mind to break away from his old home, and took this plan to give him the opportunity, or whether, as Uppiah Naidu understood it, she simply wished to send the presents to her daughter, no one can tell; but a crisis had been reached. Lukshmiah started from home, and went towards Olate, which for a while he fully expected to reach. But as he pursued his journey his mother's words came to him, again and again: "If you could get some good employment away from Ahmudala, and should go away and do well, I should rejoice."

What did she mean? And why had she given him so much money? He would not need it, as he could reach Olate early the next morning; and the food he had with him was

twice as much as he could eat in one day. Thus thinking and walking, and occasionally lifting his heart in prayer, he journeyed on till he came to the main road leading from Ongole to Cumbum. Just as he came to this road, a large number of men and women were passing toward the east. He asked them, according to Telugu etiquette, where they were from, where they were going, and who they were. Like questions were asked him. They told him that they were from the Kurnool district near Cumbum, that they were Christians going to Ongole to an appointed meeting, and that some of them hoped to be baptized.

Lukshmiah's plans changed at once. Something seemed to say to him, "This is the time to go to Ongole;" and, before he was fully aware of what he was doing, he had decided to go and see the missionaries for himself. If every thing was favorable, and they would receive him, he thought he would be baptized; but, if his hopes should not be realized, he could take some of his money, and buy a few pieces of calico for his sister, and then no one would mistrust the real reason of his visit.

After he joined the Christians, he sought out

the preacher, and opened his heart to him. The preacher, accustomed to deal with sin-sick souls, encouraged him, and said, "God has chosen you, and is leading you: follow him, and have no fear."

"But," added some of the Christians present, "if you become a Christian, your relatives will abuse you and perhaps beat you; and then will you continue steadfast, or will you go back to heathenism again?"

"My uncle is the village moonsiff," said Lukshmiah; "and I know full well that if any man breaks the law, and cheats and steals, he will be punished; but if he breaks no law the moonsiff has no power over him. By becoming a Christian, what law shall I break? No one will dare to punish me; and, besides, I believe that God will take care of me."

When Lukshmiah reached Ongole he went to the house of a man whose relatives lived in Ahmudala, where he remained all night. This man lived opposite the mission compound, and had done some work for the missionaries. Lukshmiah gradually disclosed his plans to this man, who said, —

"Do not join that religion. Many of the

low Madegas and Malas are received, and all caste distinctions are ignored by the missionaries. I know them well. If you believe, your family will cast you off. You will be the same as a dead man to your friends. I charge you, beware!"

"But," said Lukshmiah, "what about the religion itself? Is it good, or bad?"

"Oh!" replied his host, "no one can find any fault with the religion."

"And what can you say of the missionaries? You live very close to them," asked Lukshmiah.

"Yes: the missionaries have been here over twelve years, and I know them well. They are good, kind-hearted people, and love the Telugus; but we are in the world, young man, — remember that."

"I know that we are now in this world," said Lukshmiah; "but I believe in the true God. If you die, what about the world to come?"

The next morning Lukshmiah cautiously approached the mission house, and after a while introduced himself to the missionaries, and told his story. They were very much interested, and felt that God had sent the young man to

them. Yet they explained to him all about the evils that might befall him; but, as we have seen, he was quite prepared to satisfy them on this point.

He was duly examined with other candidates by the native preachers and leading members of the church in Ongole, and was baptized that evening, June 18, 1878, just as the sun was sinking behind Prayer-meeting Hill.

The following day the missionary's wife had a long talk with Lukshmiah. She urged him to stay in Ongole, and go to school. At first he consented; for this had been for months in his thoughts by day, and in his dreams by night. But it occurred to him, that, if he did not go to Olate, some would say that he had stolen his sister's presents, and run away; and hence he decided to go there first, and then to Ahmudala and tell his father what he had done, returning before many weeks to Ongole. The missionaries bade him good-by with many doubts and fears. They knew that his relatives would, if possible, induce him to renounce his new faith, and that unless he was upheld by God they would succeed. When Lukshmiah reached home, he told his father and mother of his visit

to Ongole and his baptism, giving his reasons for such a step, and speaking of his hope of future usefulness as a preacher.

Uppiah Naidu was angry, and reproached him bitterly; and when the facts were known to his uncle Babiah Naidu, and his caste friends, there was an uproar. They called a meeting, and inquired particularly what he did in Ongole, and what the missionaries had done to him. He told them all. It was decided, that, while the cutting-off of the lock of hair on the top of his head was an insult to Lukshmanaswamy his patron god, yet that by this act and by his baptism he had not actually broken caste. If his head were shaved, and a festival made to Lukshmanaswamy, and if his tongue were burned with a gold wire by the Brahmin priest, and muntras said, they thought Lukshmiah's guilt would be removed, and he could be wholly forgiven, and restored to his former place and position.

Lukshmiah was vexed, and said, "I have done no wrong. I am as pure as the best of you outwardly; and I believe that my blessed Lord and Saviour, in whom I trust, has taken away my sins, and purified my soul. May he open

your eyes, and soften your hearts, as he has mine! I shall go to Ongole." He made a low salaam, and left the assembly, much to their surprise.

When Uppiah Naidu saw his son leave, he got up and walked away in the opposite direction, towards his fields, sad at heart. Lukshmiah told his mother what the council had said, and what he had decided to do. Seetama wept, but her tears were evidently those of joy more than of sorrow. She took him into the house, and then put her arms about his neck, and kissed him, and said, "Go, my son, and may God bless you! I cannot be a mother to you any longer."

Quite a different reception and farewell awaited Lukshmiah in the court and in the street outside. The news of his speech, and refusal to hear the advice of the council, spread like wildfire over the village. Seetama expected a scene, and remained in her room. Soobama raised a cry of distress, and beat her breast with her hands. A hundred women were soon on the spot, and joined with Soobama in begging Lukshmiah not to be rash and throw himself away, but to do as the council had advised.

He kindly but firmly declined, and walked away. Soobama and the other women wrung their hands, and tore their hair, and beat their breasts, in the most frantic manner; they rent the air with wails which must be heard to be realized: "He is lost, he is lost, he is lost! our fair son is lost, is lost!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

SEETAMA'S DEATH.

AFTER the great famine was over, cholera and a malignant intermittent fever continued to prevail for some months; the former only here and there, but the latter was very common. A few weeks after Lukshmiah left home, cholera broke out in Ahmudala. Sacrifices were made to Ma Lukshmi and to Polarumma by many of the terrified villagers, but less heartily and on a smaller scale than heretofore; for some at least were much annoyed at these goddesses for withholding the rain, and for sending evil, while others had lost confidence in them altogether, holding them up to ridicule, and using their names as a byword.

Among those attacked by disease was the kind-hearted, staid Mungama, the wife of the moonsiff and the friend and adviser of Seetama.

Babiah Naidu and his brothers and Seetama did all they could for Mungama, and mourned for her as for a much-loved sister. Since Lukshmiah's departure, Soobama, instead of becoming more gentle and kind and liberal, had daily grown more bigoted and more devoted to her idols, and less friendly to Seetama. All this grieved Seetama to the heart, and she often tried to win back her friend and sister; but as often she was repelled, till at last she ceased her efforts.

In the autumn of 1878, after the second or north-east monsoon had come, happiness, to which the people in this part of India had so long been strangers, was again depicted on the countenances of all. They were now sure that the famine was over. But this happiness was to be mixed with sadness, for Uppiah Naidu and the people of Ahmudala. Seetama was attacked by intermittent fever, and daily grew worse. She refused, as long as she was conscious, to allow any idols in her room, or to have muntras said by the Brahmin priest. She took such medicine as the village afforded, but to no purpose. In a few days a severe cough set in, and she felt that she must die.

She called her husband Uppiah Naidu, and said, "God has called Lukshmiah, whom we loved so much, and he has gone to Ongole. Don't disturb him. Let him be there. That same God is now calling me, and I must go. I feel that our oldest son Ramiah and his wife will not help you much, and I may say the same of Soobama. Do not grieve for me. You are now an old man, I know; but be careful and courageous, and fear not. You will be lonely; but trust in God, and you will soon follow me. I can say no more." Oh that Uppiah Naidu had heeded this last admonition, as Seetama hoped he would!

As soon as it was noised abroad that Seetama was very ill, and that she would probably not live, many hearts besides Uppiah Naidu's were sad, for she had many real friends. These came to the court; and, when they heard that the report of her illness was true, they wept.

Seetama, after bidding her husband farewell, grew rapidly worse; but some of her friends, both men and women, thought that it might not be too late to ask the favor of the god Vishnu, even though Seetama herself objected. They thought that she would not realize what

they were doing. At least they could try; and several said they had known of people having been restored to health, when as low as Seetama, by worshipping Vishnu, and burning incense to him. They went into Seetama's room, and made on the wall the three marks called Trevane, emblematic of the three feet of Vishnu in one incarnation. They then put some sugar on a shelf under the image they had made, sprinkled pure water on the floor in front of the idol, burnt incense before it, and fell down and worshipped it. They pleaded the many good deeds and the kind heart and other good qualities of their sick friend, and begged Vishnu would drive away the evil spirit or whatever was making her ill, and would restore her to health. They promised, if Vishnu would hear them, to make a great festival in his honor the next year. They also said that if Seetama was restored, and was as well as heretofore, they would set apart a bullock-calf for him, and at the festival they would have this calf consecrated to him, and branded as a sacred bull; that henceforth it might range over their fields at pleasure, while they should worship it in honor of Nundi or the bullock vehicle of

Vishnu. They also promised that the sacred bull should be married to a nice heifer, and that the village Brahmin priest should solemnize the marriage with a feast, procession, music, and dancers, just as when their own children were married. The idol heeded them not, neither did Seetama. In a little while she was gone; let us hope, to be with Jesus.

As soon as it was known that Seetama was dead, a hundred women and girls started for the house of Uppiah Naidu; and, when they saw her corpse now laid in the court, they wept bitterly, striking their breasts with the palms of their hands, and crying loudly, "Seetama is gone; the gods have cursed us, the fates are against us, and what can we do? She was the head of the family. What will her husband do? What will the moonsiff, her brother-in-law, do? The gods have dealt unjustly. Why did they not take us, and leave her here? If the gods had been good, and the fates favorable, they would have taken us, and left Seetama. We are like orphans. The light has gone out in Uppiah Naidu's house, and it is as though it had rotted down."

After an hour of wailing thus, all became

weary, and all but a few relatives and special friends went to their homes. Seetama was washed, all the members of the family aiding in bringing the water which was poured over her profusely. She was dressed in her best clothes and jewels, and then all sat down around her body for a time in silent grief. After about half an hour, there came a kind of priest of the Sudra caste, called a Satani, who can serve only at funerals.

The Brahmin family priest whom we have mentioned heretofore did not come to visit Seetama. Brahmins will not come nigh the sick, even their own relatives, after they are given up to die: nor will they touch a dead body; it would pollute them to do so. Brahminism clings to the living like a parasite; but as those about to die, and the dead, cannot further serve Brahmin interests, the rules of the caste free them, at a convenient time, from all trouble and annoyance. The Sudra priest, or Satani (whom Lukshmiah suggests ought to be called "Satan"), brought a kind of grain, somewhat like pease, called "pesalu," and caused it to be cooked, and poured in a pile near the corpse. After he had burned incense, all wor-

shipped the heap of food, and it was then distributed by the priest to the relatives, who up to this time had fasted. After this slight repast the brothers and near relatives of Uppiah Naidu, six in number, took their places, three on each side of the corpse, and joining their hands under it, thus forming a cradle, they bore it away to the grave: for Sudras generally, as well as the Madegas and Malas, and all of the higher castes of Telugus of the Siva sect, and the Mohammedans, bury their dead; while the Brahmins, Kshatriyas, and Vaisyas, who are of the Vishnuva sect, or worshippers of Vishnu, practise cremation.

After the procession had reached the grave, which was in a beautiful place in a grove near the river, the jewels were carefully removed from Seetama's ears, nose, and fingers, and then the body was tenderly lowered to its last resting-place.

Uppiah Naidu was like a man in a stupor. He felt too deeply for tears. If he could have kissed, or even touched, the lifeless body of his Seetama, it would have been a relief. But this could not be; for, according to the rules of his caste, the husband must not touch the body of his wife after she is dead.

When others wept and wailed, he looked on; and, when they took the body of Seetama away, he followed silently, and remained standing at the grave until his brother, the moonsiff, took him gently by the arm, and led him to the river; for all had to bathe before returning to their home. This was in the early evening: lamps were lighted in every room of all the houses of the brothers, as well as in Uppiah Naidu's. Seetama, the light of the family and of their homes, was gone. But they had buried her, and had bathed; and to mourn more would show that they had not submitted to fate: hence it would displease the gods if the lamps, emblematic of Seetama on the one hand, and of their submission on the other, were not lighted.

On the third day after the funeral the Satani came, according to custom, and a dinner of rice and curry was to be served to the relatives of the deceased. While this was cooking, an image of Perumal, another name for Vishnu, was made of clay, placed over a heap of the leaves of the betel, among which were placed pieces of money, and worshipped. The meal was then eaten; and afterwards the leaves were dis-

tributed, the priest keeping the money as his fee.

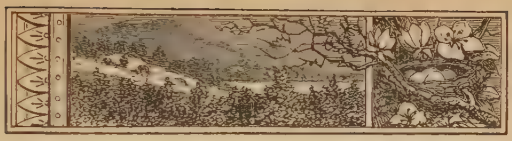
Nine days later, or the twelfth day after Seetama's death, the final ceremonies on account of Uppiah Naidu and the dead were performed. The priest before mentioned came to the house; and the relatives and friends took food and incense and fire, and the idol Perumal, and went in procession to the river. The idol was placed near the water, and the rice near by. Uppiah Naidu's hair and beard were all shaven off. He then broke off the silver belt which encircled his body, and threw it away, and went and bathed in the river. After this, incense was burnt; and then all fell down and again worshipped the idol Perumal. The priest distributed the food, and then, wholly abandoning the idol Perumal, all went to the grave, and poured water over it; and, after making the mound into a proper shape, they planted on it a shrub of the sacred Thulasi. They then whitewashed the grave with lime, and went home to partake of a dinner, to which all the relatives of the family and some others had been invited. When this was over, and when presents of clothes, money, and rice had been given to the

Brahmin priest, and other Brahmins, the ceremonies were ended; and the grave of Seetama might be visited once a year thereafter.

Lukshmiah was very sad when he heard of his mother's death. He had heard of her illness, but had not thought her disease was of so serious a nature. If he had gone to see her, that privilege might have been granted to him, but no more: the relatives would not have allowed him to give to her who bore him a cup of water even, because he had become a Christian. Such is caste.

Lukshmiah went away by himself, and wept. His only friend among all his relatives was gone. It was hard for him to see why God, if he loved him, should have taken away his mother, whom he loved and longed for so much. But the teachers in the school consoled him as best they could. They told him that they thought his mother really a Christian, and that she was now with Jesus, free from pain and caste and trouble; that perhaps God saw in what an unhappy place she was, and took her because he loved her; and that all must be well, because our God is too good to be unkind, and too wise to make mistakes.

Lukshmiah was comforted ; and although even now, when he speaks of his mother, tears frequently come to his eyes, he would not recall her to Ahmudala.



CHAPTER XIX.

A VISIT TO THE MISSIONARY'S CAMP.

AFTER Seetama's death Uppiah Naidu was very lonely and sad. He attended the daily council of the village as a leading man in the town, and gave directions to his oldest son Ramiah and to the hired men about the work upon the farm; but at other times and on other subjects he was silent. When any one asked him a question, he answered in the fewest words possible, and was silent again. Weeks passed, and yet Uppiah Naidu continued the same; and his friends began to fear that he would lose his mind unless something could be done to cheer him up. They met together; and after much consultation they decided that he might be consoled by seeing Lukshmiah, to whom he was still much attached, and whom Seetama loved so much.

They all agreed to speak to Uppiah Naidu personally about Lukshmiah's return, and to do all in their power to help him. Their plan was carried out. But, while the father appreciated their kindness, he feared that Lukshmiah would not return to Ahmudala, and submit to the ceremonies necessary to restore him to his former caste. And then had not Seetama told him in her very last words, that God had called their son to Ongole, and that it would not be well to disturb him? He longed for his beloved son, and yet he hesitated.

Days and weeks came and went; but one morning a man from Agrarum passing through Ahmudala said that an Ongole missionary returning from a long tour would camp in his village that night, a part of his camp having already arrived. Soobama immediately communicated this news to her brother-in-law the moonsiff, and to her husband. They went to Uppiah Naidu, and told him what they had heard, and urged him to get ready to go to Agrarum early the next morning, and see the missionary in person. "Tell him," said they, "all about your sorrow; and when he knows this, and sees your face, we trust he will have

compassion on you, and restore your son to you. At least it will do no harm to try; for the missionary, we hear, is a kind man."

Many arguments were given to Uppiah Naidu by Kristna Row and other Brahmins, to be repeated to the missionary; and they thought from what they knew of the principles of Christianity, and the missionary's disposition, that he would restore Lukshmiah.

Early the next morning Uppiah Naidu set out for Agrarum, about five miles distant, where he arrived just as the missionary was taking his early breakfast, and sat down under a tamarind-tree a few rods from the tent. As soon as the breakfast was over, the missionary stepped outside of the tent, while the Lascars arranged the furniture and mats, and rolled up the walls of the tent, thus turning it into a chapel; for there was to be a meeting of Christians that morning, and perhaps a preaching-service.

As soon as the missionary came outside he recognized Uppiah Naidu, and walked towards him. Uppiah Naidu rose to his feet, and made his salaam, which was returned by the missionary, who expressed himself as very glad to see him. He tried to smile as the missionary spoke

so kindly; but it was only the brightening of the eyes and a few twitches of the facial nerves, and then the same melancholy again settled down upon him. The missionary asked Uppiah Naidu what was the matter, for he had not heard of the death of Seetama.

Uppiah Naidu replied, "Before the famine I was, if not wealthy, at least well-to-do and happy. I had lands and cattle and servants, and two sons and three daughters, and many friends, not only in Ahmudala but in other villages. By the famine I lost many bullocks and cows and buffaloes; and it took all the money we had saved to keep my large family from starving during that long, dreadful period, and to set up again after it was over. So far, however, only my money had gone, and I was happy. But my second son, whom I and his mother loved much, became discontented with the religion of his ancestors, and went away to Ongole. About him you well know. Notwithstanding this I was happy and contented. But a few weeks ago my wife, Lukshmiah's mother Seetama, who was the joy of my life, and like the household goddess Parrental to me, said that God was calling her, and soon went away; and

I am left alone. I am getting old. My oldest son is no help to me. My daughters are all married, and live in distant villages. Dilama, Lukshmiah's wife, and her parents, abuse me because he has become a Christian, and urge me to try to get him to return to his wife, who is pining away, looking and watching for him. O sir! will not you have compassion on me, and restore my son to me, that I may not go sorrowing all my days, and finally die, and have no one to weep for me, and follow me to the grave, and bury me?"

"You tell a sad story, Uppiah Naidu," said the missionary; "but you ask perhaps more than is in my power to grant. Your son did not come to Ongole because I called. The living God, I believe, sent him to us; and, when he goes, the same one should send him away, I think. But Lukshmiah has broken his caste; and even if I should send him back to Ahmudala, and if he would go, you and your caste people would not receive him. I cannot see why you want him back. Please tell me the whole truth, Uppiah Naidu, and hide nothing. What is underneath all your plans? I don't like men with double tongues and two faces. Tell me, what

do you propose to do with Lukshmiah, should he wish to return to Ahmudala to live?"

Uppiah Naidu hesitated for a time; but after a little more urging he said, "Our caste is an honorable one: but our people all loved my son, and they and Kristna Row, the kurnam, say that they will not be severe with Lukshmiah; that if I will make a small festival to Lukshmanaswamy, his patron god, and then if the priest burns his tongue a little, not severely, with a gold wire, they will forgive all that he has done against them, and his ancestors, and patron god, and Brahminism. Oh! I pray you, sir, restore my son to me, and to his weeping wife and many friends, and we shall live and bless you."

"Well," said the missionary, "I hardly think that Lukshmiah will submit to have his tongue burned, and to worship idols, in order to be fit to live with you; although you are his father, and I know that he loves you much. But, if you will write a letter to him to-day, I will take it to him; and then I shall let him do as he wishes. But I want you to sit down near the tent now, and listen while I preach to these Christians and others, and tell them about the true God and our religion."

Uppiah Naidu came into the tent, and sat down. The Christians had assembled in goodly numbers; and after saluting the missionary in the usual way, and answering a few kindly inquiries, all sat down on the mats. The missionary then gave out a hymn; which was sung by the native preachers and teachers and school-children, who had come, not only from Agrarum, but also from several other villages. A native preacher led in prayer for God's blessing upon the meeting and all the services of the day. After another hymn, the missionary rose, and taking the Bible, which he explained to the congregation was the word of God, he read the nineteenth chapter of the Gospel by Luke, about Zacchæus and his zeal, and how the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost. After reading and explaining briefly, he turned to the forty-eighth Psalm, and read the fourteenth verse, — "This God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death."

After the sermon, which lasted perhaps forty minutes, this service was ended, and the missionary held a kind of conversational meeting with all for an hour; and then the candidates

for baptism were presented, and were requested to meet the members of the church and their preachers in an inquiry-meeting in the grove a little distant from the tent, as the missionary said he was tired.

Uppiah Naidu remained until four o'clock, as had been requested, and then, after having been assured that his request and letter would be delivered to his son, started for home.

That evening the kurnam of Ahmudala, the leading men, and many women, met at Uppiah Naidu's house, to learn the result of his visit to the missionary. He soon told them all. After this they inquired about the camp of the missionary, what he had said and done, and what the villagers did. To all these questions Uppiah Naidu answered, —

"The camp consists of three tents, — one large and two small ones. The smallest one is used by the cook for a kitchen. The missionary has three carts, and as many pairs of bullocks, and a pony, and Lascars to pitch the tents and care for them. He seems to travel in fair style, not as a rich man, but as a man in comfortable circumstances. The colportor, Obulu, whom you have all seen, is with him, and two or three

other preachers. The Christians of Agrarum and many other villagers came to see him, and he preached to them."

"What did he say?" asked two or three at once.

"Oh!" replied Uppiah Naidu, "he first read in their sacred book about a short man who climbed up a tree to see Jesus as he passed; and Jesus called him, and dined with him; and the people were angry, because the short man was of a low caste, like the Malas and Madegas. Then he read how Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost; and he said we are all lost, and Jesus so loved us that he came and died for us. After this, he preached from another part of the sacred book.

"He said that a few weeks ago he was travelling early one morning, thinking of all the lovely sights he saw in the fields and everywhere, and then he thought that his God made all these beautiful things. But away on the hills in sight were some temples, and the people were drumming to idols in them, and he was sad. Just then he had to cross a creek, which appeared dry; but it was all quicksand, and his pony came near sinking. After he got

out, he said he thought that quicksand creek was like Hinduism. It looks all fair and well, but those who trust to it throw themselves away. Then he said that the Christians' God never failed his people, that he clung to them all the days of their life, and was with them when they died, and then took their souls to heaven.

"Moreover, he said that the true Christian did not really die, but that his body got sick, and little by little, like the walls of our mud houses in a great storm, it wasted away; and when God's time came he took the soul, the real man, to heaven, and then the body only died and was buried. At last he told all how they could have the real God to be their God and friend. He said this would be easy if they tried to leave off all known sins, and believed in Jesus Christ, who came to the world to seek and to save them; and prayed to God to help them for the Saviour's sake."

"Well, enough about the preaching," said Kristna Row: "what else did he do?"

"After the preaching was over, he took lots of babies in his arms, and named them; and then the preacher Obulu asked God to bless

the babies. He said Jesus did like that when on earth. Those Christians love him much. Some of the women I saw took their small children, and, pointing towards the missionary when he was talking, said to them, 'See the missionary! See the man whom God raised up to save all our lives during the famine! If it had not been for him, you would be dead now.'"

"But what other subjects did he talk about?" asked the Brahmin priest. "We have heard enough about religion and the famine. Were there no Brahmins or Sudras there?"

"Yes," said Uppiah Naidu: "there were some Brahmins there when he was preaching, and one young man made a very insulting remark. The missionary was apparently very angry for a moment, and I expected trouble. But he simply turned to the Brahmin, and said, 'Young man, the source of your religion must be bad indeed to send forth such an unclean stream. If there is any more such filth in you, you had better let it also come out, or you will soon be wholly spoiled, and too bad to save in any way. You have not insulted me, but God. We are all ashamed of you.' The young man retreated, and soon left.

"After the meeting was over, some Sudras of my caste said that some of their women had the ear-ache; and a goldsmith said his mother-in-law had a pain in her stomach, and asked for some brandy. They said that heretofore English gentlemen had camped in their grove, and had given some of their friends brandy, and that it had been very useful."

"What did the missionary do? Did he give the brandy?" asked Babiah Naidu.

"No," said Uppiah Naidu: "he told them that he did not have any brandy in his camp, that he and all his servants had now been two months travelling, and that they had not, and did not use, brandy at all. He further said, that all spirituous liquors were bad; that they and caste were like twin brothers, and the Devil was their own father, and man's evil nature the mother of both. He told the goldsmith that he might give his people a little Pain-Killer if he wished it; and told the Kumma man that for the ear-ache he had better buy some cocoanut-oil, and warm it a little, and pour it into the aching ear; and assured them that these were better than brandy or arrack or any thing of the kind."

"What did the goldsmith and the Kumma man do?" asked Soobama. "Did they really want the brandy?"

"They looked ashamed, and soon went away," said Uppiah Naidu. "They wanted to get something against the missionary, to destroy his influence; and no doubt their next motive was to get the brandy to drink themselves, for you know of late many of our people have commenced drinking brandy and arrack, both of which are contrary to the teachings of our ancestors. I was glad when I heard that missionaries and Christians do not drink liquors. It speaks well for them."

"All this is very strange," said the moonsiff: "for I never heard of an Englishman before that did not drink liquor, and many drink it as a child does milk; some of them, I hear, get drunk every night before they go to bed."

"Did any new converts join the missionary at Agrarum?" asked Kristna Row.

"Yes," said Uppiah Naidu. "After the missionary preached in the morning, the native preachers and leading men held a meeting, and about twenty of the Madega caste asked to be baptized. The preachers questioned these; and

the applicants for baptism promised never to worship idols again, nor work on Sundays, and that they would worship the God of the Christians only, and serve him as long as they lived.

"They also said that they believed on him now, and prayed to him to have their sins forgiven; that they felt at peace with God, and happy. Afterwards the preachers cut off the lock of hair on the top of their heads, sacred to the gods, took them to the large well dug by government near the Cumbum road, and led them down the steps into the water. The preachers sang a hymn, and prayed, and then they baptized the new converts. One of the preachers said that they had baptized over one thousand since they left Ongole two months ago."

"That is it, that is it!" ejaculated half a dozen Brahmins at once. "That accounts for all the nice words of the missionary. The plan is to destroy our Brahma-given caste, and degrade us all, and make us all tanners and cobblers."

CHAPTER XX.

LUKSHMIAH'S RETURN.

THE people of Ahmudala and all that vicinity came frequently to Ongole to attend court, or to sell their produce and purchase iron and English-made fabrics. Among those who had called on Lukshmiah since he commenced attending school, was his uncle Pulliah, Dilama's father. He told Lukshmiah that Dilama was very fond of him, and that he wished him to come and take her away. Lukshmiah, however, since he became a Christian, considered Dilama as his cousin only, but thought that after he had finished his education, if she still loved him, they might then be married; and thus even his relatives and former caste people would have to acknowledge that he had acted honorably. He made known his plan to his uncle Pulliah, who said that it

was good, but added, that, as Dilama was now a young woman, he would better bring her to Ongole, and either marry her, or put her in the girls' boarding-school.

Perhaps Pulliah was sincere in this advice, and perhaps it was only part of a well-laid scheme to entice his nephew away from Ongole; but Lukshmiah believed him, and hence was all ready to give careful consideration to his father's letter inviting him to Ahmudala. He laid his case before the missionaries. They told him plainly that they feared his relatives, by appealing to his love for his father, aided by Dilama's entreaties, would make every effort to induce him to renounce his religion. They also assured him that he could not resist these temptations in his own strength, but that if he trusted in Jesus, and prayed often, he need not fear to go. When Lukshmiah asked what he should do, they sent him away to pray, and to decide for himself.

A few days later Lukshmiah wrote to his father that he would soon visit him; and at the appointed time he took leave of the missionaries, who had many doubts and fears as to the result of the visit, and started for the

home of his childhood. His father, his uncle the moonsiff, and Soobama, and, in fact, all of his relatives, welcomed him back. They allowed him to come into the court, and into the rooms used as sitting-rooms, and provided nice food for him; but Lukshmiah noticed that all the pots and other articles which would be called polluted if touched by a man of low caste were removed, and that his food, though very good, was placed on plates made by sewing together the large leaves of the banian, and other trees, which are only used once, and then thrown away.

After a day or two they began to converse with him about the Christian religion, and the school, and were surprised to learn that he could already read easy books. Telugu youths are very polite to their parents, especially to their fathers. Until he is a grown man, the son may not speak unless spoken to in their presence; and, if sitting when they come into the room or approach him, he will immediately rise to his feet, and continue standing until they are seated. Lukshmiah did not wish to seem rude; but at length he gained sufficient courage to ask his father why he had urged

him to come home, and what he wished him to do.

Uppiah Naidu replied kindly: he told him of his old age and of his grief, and of Dilama, and begged Lukshmiah to remain at home. Lukshmiah asked how he could do this, since he had broken his caste. Uppiah Naidu answered that he would call a meeting of the leading men of their own caste, and they would consult together.

"Father," said Lukshmiah, "you once called a council when I first came back from Ongole, and their decision was one to which I could not consent; and what is the use of another council?"

"This time we shall have our own caste people only," said Uppiah Naidu; "and it will be private until we can see what can be done."

Lukshmiah consented; and that evening, after supper, Babiah Naidu and several of the leading men of the Kumma caste met in Uppiah Naidu's house. Babiah Naidu, addressing his nephew, said, —

"Lukshmiah, you know well how much we all love you, how your mother Seetama doted on you, how Dilama pines for you, and how

your father's heart now yearns for you and your welfare. We have all consulted together, and we want you to remain with us. Will you do it?"

"I have broken caste: how can I remain?" asked Lukshmiah.

"If you will return to your home and to our honored religion, we can make a festival, and can pretend to burn your tongue, and then all will be satisfied. The priest, if he has a few rupees and a hint, will not hurt your tongue with the gold wire, — no fear of that."

"But, uncle, how can I leave the Christian religion?" asked Lukshmiah.

"Oh! all religions are about the same. There are good and bad men in all of them. We think that if you are a good man in the religion of your fathers, nothing more will be required of you."

"Do not be offended, uncle and friends," said Lukshmiah. "I fully believe in Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and I cannot renounce him. I feel in my heart that he has taken away my sins, and given me peace; and how can I betray him? Oh that you would believe in Jesus also! Before you urge me further, let me tell

you the story I have heard of a Sudra and his dog. The dog was black; but the master wanted him to become white, so he took him to a river, and washed him: he did this for many days; but, the more the dog was washed, the blacker he became. The master had undertaken an impossible thing, for God had given the black color to the dog's hair. So, O friends! although I love you, yet I cannot leave the Christian religion. My faith, which is of God, is in God; and it cannot be uprooted. It is not like the walls of a house built of mud and sand, which are easily washed away when exposed. No, no! my faith is like a house built of lime and stone, and with a stone foundation, which no cyclone can carry away or destroy. I stand on the solid rock Christ Jesus, my Saviour and the world's Saviour. If you love me, do not ask me to give him up, for I cannot."

After a moment's pause the moonsiff said, —

"Well, Lukshmiah, we will let you keep your faith in the new God, but return to your caste. This can be done."

"How can that be?" asked Lukshmiah.

"Oh! easily enough. The English, I hear,

have caste as much as we do. The only difference is in origin, and perhaps a little in details."

"I never heard before that the English had caste," said Soobama, who up to this time had with difficulty kept silent. "Tell us how it is, brother-in-law."

"Why," said the moonsiff, "the castes of the Hindus were given by Brahma, and we decline to eat with the man or person born of parents of a lower caste than ours. The caste of the English must be begotten of Bungarama, the goddess of gold and silver and precious stones; because the wealthy will not eat with the poor, nor the high official with the low. I hear that these distinctions are observed in Madras and in England, and that they are hereditary, and form an important factor in the social fabric of the kingdom, and extend to the throne. If caste was wrong, would it be allowed in England? Oh, no, Lukshmiah! those missionaries of yours are asking more of you than they do of their own countrymen. Then think further. You have seen the Roman Catholic missionaries of Butchalla? They allow their converts, you know, to keep their caste, and even allow

them to put the marks pleasing to Vishnu and Siva on their foreheads, and also to wear the hair on the head under which we think the gods dwell. Your missionaries are too exacting, my nephew."

"O uncle! I am but a young man, and should keep silent; but I beg of you to hear me," said Lukshmiah. "I cannot tell why the English keep caste, as you say some do; neither can I understand why the Roman Catholic priests allow caste. It seems to me that they are very inconsiderate. Two wrongs, or even three wrong acts, would not make one good deed. Listen to me, I pray you. You have always taught me that the Rig Veda, one of the Hindu sacred books, declares that the Brahmin is the actual mouth of Brahma, that soldiers are his actual arms, husbandmen his actual thighs, and that Sudras, or servants, sprang from his feet; and hence caste is part of Brahma. It is also written in the Mahabharata, that the highest form of religious life is a strict observance of the rules of caste.

"From these teachings, O friends! you see that caste must be God. I cannot consent to this; for I do not believe in Brahma, or in any

of the gods I used to worship. Our own Hindu books say that Siva once with his thumb-nail cut off one of Brahma's heads, and that Brahma cursed him: on account of the curse the head clung to his hand; and, powerless, he fled before a frightful demon to the ends of the earth. It is also said that Vishnu was cursed by the sage Bhriga, and condemned to ten mortal births. In one of these incarnations, that of Kristna, he performed wonderful deeds, but at last became impotent under the curse of a Brahmin. He was entertaining the sage of Durvasa, when some portion of the food fell on the sage's feet. This enraged the sage; and he cursed Kristna, and told him that he would die a violent death. Kristna could not escape this curse; and a hunter one day, mistaking his foot for a deer, killed him.

"One of the shastras says that Brahma told a lie, and that on account of this Siva cursed him, saying, 'O Brahma! who dwellest in the beautiful, perfume-breathing lotus, let there be henceforth upon earth no temple and no worship to thee who hast told this lie.' It is even so: the great Brahma, the begetter of caste, is forever disgraced. Can the real God lie, and

do evil as well as good? Can a tree bear both good and bad fruit? or can one tree bear four different kinds of fruits? Can four sons of the same father be of so different a nature as the Hindu castes are? It is impossible. The whole Hindu system of gods and goddesses, who lie and deceive, and curse each other, and run off with each other's heads, to-day all-powerful, and to-morrow less than man, must be absurd."

"Well, enough, stop, Lukshmiah!" said Babiah Naidu. "You can do as you wish: we shall not force you, you are a man; but we beg of you to consider well." He rose and went away; and soon all the others in the room followed, and Lukshmiah was left alone. They saw that they could do no more, and gave him up as lost to them.

The next morning Uppiah Naidu asked Lukshmiah if he was not going to Samanta to see his uncle Pulliah and Dilama.

"I will go if you will write a letter for me," said Lukshmiah. "I fear they will not treat me well unless you do."

"I will write to your uncle," said his father. "After your bold speeches in the council last

evening, — wise or unwise I know not which, — our caste people will give you up; and they will not want to see you, for fear you may induce other young men to do as you have done."

The news of Lukshmiah's bold defence before the moonsiff preceded him to Samanta; and when he reached his uncle's house they were prepared to give him an answer about their daughter through the village officials. Lukshmiah made known his errand, which was well understood; and Pulliah called the moonsiff and kurnam and several of the leading men of the town to help him decide what to do. They came: and Lukshmiah related to them in detail all the circumstances of his marriage with his cousin Dilama, and said that he had now become a Christian, and wished to avoid the appearance of evil; accordingly, if the parents would take Dilama to Ongole, or send her there by trusty persons, she would be well taken care of in school, and if after a year or two she still loved him, they would be married.

The kurnam and moonsiff said all this seemed fair and honest, and asked Pulliah and his wife what they would do. Pulliah said that Lukshmiah had broken his caste, and that, though

they could not send their daughter away, she might go if she wished.

The kurnam then asked Dilama what she would do. He reminded her that Lukshmiah was her cousin, and that she had been married to him, and added that he looked like a good man, and he did not think she ought to object to him because he was a Christian. He also told her, that if she remained with her parents she could never marry again, and that if evil came through her, the whole village as well as her parents would be ashamed.

The words of the kurnam and moonsiff, so flattering to Lukshmiah, were simply official, but did not represent their real views or their real advice to Dilama. The whole had been planned beforehand: Lukshmiah was to have the semblance of a fair hearing, while the object of his visit was to be utterly defeated. The parents and the kurnam and Dilama played their part well.

After the kurnam finished speaking, Dilama appeared angry, and said, "The gods have been unjust to me. This man is not my husband: I know him not. My husband destroyed himself, and is to me as if he were drowned in the sea,

only a corpse. No, I will never go with this man. He is like a filthy worm. Will you send me away with such a pollution? or would you drown me also in the sea? No, never will I be the wife of such a fellow. My husband was an honorable man, but now is dead to me. I am a widow. I will live with my father and mother. Let this man go: he is lost to me forever. I will go home." So saying, she left the council.

"Friends," said Lukshmiah, after Dilama had gone, "you know one familiar proverb, 'A dog cannot eat a cocoanut.' Why? It is incased in a shell too hard for his teeth. You have heard what my cousin said. I do not blame her, and I cannot blame myself. Our marriage was not of our own free will. Our parents did not consult us; and I cannot consider it binding now, since she has cast me off with such abuse and anger. She evidently hates me. Personally I have done her no harm. Our parents must bear the blame of our marriage, and all the consequences. Why should we be tied together as man and wife by a marriage which neither she nor I contracted? It would be a curse upon us both. You can

well see that she scorns and despises me. Give me, therefore, a divorcement according to the rules of the Kumma caste, and I will go: I can do no more."

The kurnam said, "According to the rules of caste and Hinduism you are free, Lukshmiah. What Dilama has said here before the moonsiff and me and these leading men constitutes a legal divorcement, and you are at liberty to marry another woman if you please."

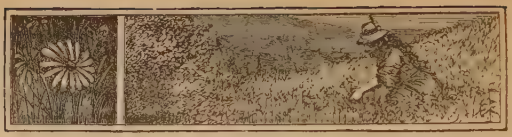
Lukshmiah made a polite salaam to his uncle and aunt, and to the members of the council, and went away. He turned his back on Samanta with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure, — pain because he had been so badly treated by his uncle and aunt and the girl, whom, if he did not love, he highly esteemed. "Why is this?" he asked himself again and again. "I have done no evil: I have left worshipping idols of gold and silver and stone and wood. I have also left off many kinds of sin, and now believe in the God who gave me life. This is all they have against me." He was happy, however; because he felt that he had done his whole duty, and was now free from his child-marriage.

When he reached Ahmudala, his uncle the

moonsiff spoke to him coldly; but his father met him, and tried to be pleasant, and asked him about Dilama. Lukshmiah told him all.

"It is just as I expected," said Uppiah Naidu. "As you will not be restored to your caste, you would better return to Ongole. I will try to get on without you. May God have mercy on you and on me!"

Soobama came near, and the conversation ceased. She asked Lukshmiah if he had succeeded at Samanta, and if he was coming back to his caste and home. When Lukshmiah replied in the negative, she broke out in a most violent storm of abuse. Weeping and wailing and screaming by turns, she said, "Do you think Dilama would live with you? You are given up to evil. You are like a filthy bird. Why did you come here? Do you wish to pollute us? Oh, it is a pity you were ever born! The gods cursed us by sending you to your father and mother: you are lost to us forever. Leave us. Oh, go, go!"



CHAPTER XXI.

A NEW CHARACTER.

ABOUT a year after Lukshmiah's return, a girl fourteen or fifteen years of age, of the Sudra caste, came to Ongole with native preacher Abel and other Christians, and desired to be baptized. The missionaries asked to see her, and a beautiful but somewhat slender girl was introduced to them. She was modest and shy; but by her looks and whole demeanor she soon interested them in her welfare, and they felt convinced that God had sent her to Ongole, and that it was their duty to find out what his wish was concerning her.

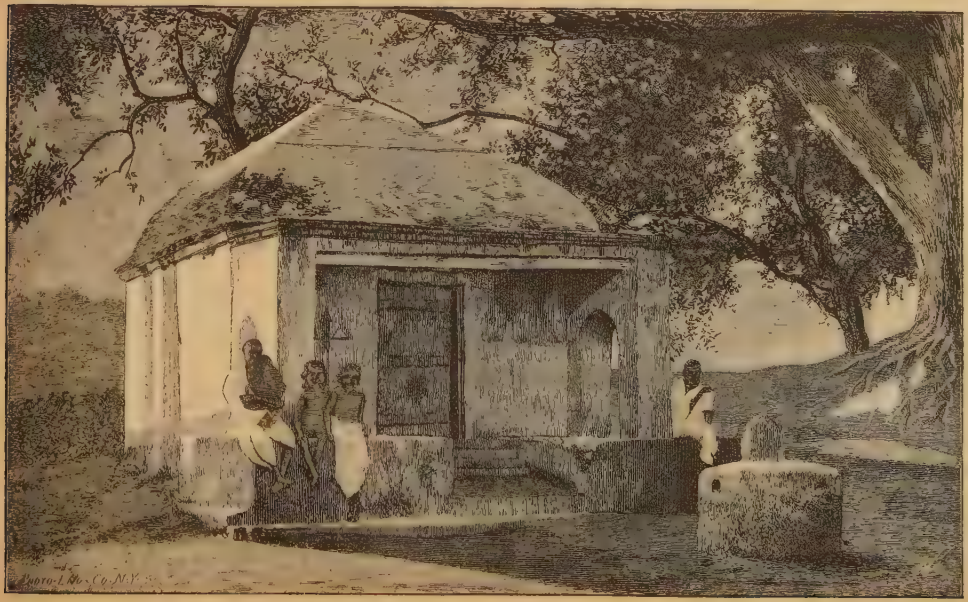
Papulama (for this was her name) gave to the church a very satisfactory account of her conversion, and was baptized. As she was very anxious to learn to read, and to know more about the new religion, she was admitted to

the girls' boarding-school. These are the main facts of her history, as she gave them : —

Papulama was born and brought up in the village of Jaganada, about fifty miles north-west of Ongole. Her parents were of the Reddy (a division of the Sudra) caste, and were well-to-do farmers, cousins of the moonsiff, and hence people of respectability. The natal ceremonies when little Papulama was born were so nearly like those previously described at Lukshmiah's birth that they need not be repeated. Suffice it to say, that she was dedicated with all the proper ceremonies to the goddess Polarumma, who is supposed to preside over small-pox, measles, and other malignant diseases. This goddess, with Ma Lukshmi the goddess of cholera, and Bungarumma the goddess of wealth, and many others, are called village deities. As no mention is made of these goddesses in the Hindu Vedas and Puranas, they probably belonged originally to the non-Aryan races. But Brahmins allowed them to remain, and they have become an important part of Hinduism ; for every village has not only its gods, but also its goddesses. When a man is taken with the small-pox, cholera, or fever, it

is supposed that Polarumma or Ma Lukshmi or some other goddess has entered into him. These goddesses are much dreaded, and are worshipped by all. If one of the family or a friend is taken with the small-pox, margosa-leaves, which are supposed to delight the goddess, are placed beside the sick man; rice-flour and a small black grain called pesalu, mixed with sugar, are offered to the goddess in the presence of the patient; and presents are sent to the priest of the goddess. The sick person is fed on cooling food; but no medicine is used, either internally or externally. If the person dies, or an eye is lost, it is supposed that the goddess has been displeased in some way. Polarumma is feared and hated, and worshipped as a hard-hearted, cruel monster.

Such was Papulama's patron goddess; and her mother trained her to be faithful, and to withhold nothing which might gain and keep the favor of the deity. Hence, besides the almost daily worship of the idol, once or twice a month Papulama and her mother would visit the shrine of the goddess, taking with them boiled rice, sugar, and incense; and after presenting the food before the idol, and burning



SHRINE OF GODDESS POLARUMMA.

the incense, they would both prostrate themselves before it, their foreheads touching the ground. Other gods and goddesses were not neglected; and once a year the whole family went to the great festival in Markapoor in honor of Sena Kashavudu, one of the incarnations of Vishnu.

When Papulama was about seven years old, her father made a feast for his relatives and friends during the Pongal festival, which takes place annually in January, celebrating the sun's return north, when it passes from the sign of the zodiac Sagittarius to Capricornus. They ate and drank and made merry, and worshipped Vishnu. The sun returned just at the appointed time, but the father died before morning of apoplexy. Papulama's mother Gungama was deeply attached to him, and mourned over his loss till she became insane. In the family there were, besides the mother, Papulama and her adopted brother, two widowed aunts, and a grandmother. The moonsiff, who was a cousin of Papulama's father, was a kind and just man; and after his cousin died, and Gungama became insane, he took charge of the children and household, and hired men to carry on their father's farm.

Years passed, and the great famine came. Papulama, with others, saw many heart-rending sights; but, the moonsiff of Jaganada being a rich man, those under his care suffered but little, if at all, from hunger. But, as if to make all feel the chastening hand of God, cholera entered his home; and Papulama's adopted brother, and grandmother, and some others died.

Soon after this, the native preacher Ongoore Abel of Markapoor, while on his circuit, visited Jaganada, and was preaching in the bazaar, where a number of the Sudra caste were listening to him. Papulama, with the water-pot, was on her way to the well for water, to prepare the evening meal, when she heard some one talking loudly about idols and God. Curiosity led her toward the spot, or rather God sent her to hear a message from himself.

As Papulama drew near, Abel was saying, "If you continue in sin, you will go to hell: if you believe in Jesus Christ, you will be freed from sin, and will, at death, be taken to heaven." The preacher then said that all had sinned many times; that heaven was a holy place, and that no sin could enter therein, since

WATER WOMEN.

God was the supreme Ruler of heaven, and sin was opposed to him and to all that was good and holy. This point he illustrated by saying that none of them would take a leper into their house, or a cobra, or any filthy and vicious animal. Idols, gods, and goddesses, he said, were of gold, silver, or copper, wood or stone. He told them a story of a woman whose husband and two sons once went on a journey. After a few days the wife and mother began to long for her husband and sons; and she thought that as they had gone away, or could not be seen, she had better set up one large and two small stones in the house to represent them. This she did, and daily made feasts to them, and talked to them, and bought nice clothes, and dressed the stones gayly. At last her money was all gone, and she tried to borrow of her neighbors, but they thought her crazy, and would not lend; then she went to a broker, and got twenty-five rupees. Before these were all gone, her husband and sons returned. When the husband saw the stones, and knew what use his wife made of them, he was very angry, and, throwing them out of the door, asked, "Am I a stone?" But, as he could not

pay the debt his wife had contracted, he was put in prison, and his family was reduced to beggary. After showing the people how they were like the woman, he continued, "A man once broke his cart, wheels, pole, and axle-tree, and afterwards put it in a pile near his house. A neighbor coming along, and seeing his oxen idle and his cart in a heap, said, 'Man, why do not you put your bullocks to that cart? If you do, you will make much money.' The owner replied, 'There is no use of putting bullocks to a broken cart. Without being mended, it can do no work.'"

Abel then showed them how man's nature is ruined like the cart; that he has in his heart no real love for God, or desire to worship him; and pointed out the awful destruction towards which all were hastening. Then he told them of the Great Physician and of his grace, and how to be made whole; and described as well as he could the glory and eternity of heaven, and the joy of the redeemed in that happy land, freed from sin and from pain and sorrow, disease and death.

After Abel had finished his discourse, Papulama invited him to come to the court near

her mother's house, and preach and sing. He went; and after talking for some time, and singing one or two beautiful Telugu hymns, he went away. But God honored his own word: it was not to return void.

That night Papulama was sad. She prepared the evening meal, but could not eat. She lay down on her mat at last, to try and forget the sermon; but the words, "If you continue in sin, you will go to hell: if you believe in Jesus Christ, you will be freed from sin, and at death will be taken to heaven," kept ringing in her ears; and sleep came not, until, wearied by tossing to and fro, she slept, to dream of demons and torments which neither tongue nor pen can describe. Morning came, and yet those words haunted her. She went to her wheel, and engaged in spinning fine cotton thread, which would ordinarily occupy her whole mind: but the arrow had gone too deeply into her heart to be removed; and when, a week later, Abel came to Jaganada, she was delighted, and again asked him to preach near her mother's door. Every week the faithful native preacher, who himself, from his infancy to manhood, had worshipped the stone image

of Polarumma now in the museum of Brown University, and who had suffered imprisonment because he had abandoned the worship of the cruel monster, and believed in God, visited Jaganada, and preached Jesus.

Three months passed. Papulama was no longer in gloom and sorrow. She had accepted the offer of a free salvation made by her blessed Lord and Saviour, and was at peace. But she felt that she must be baptized, and thus profess him openly. She told her mind privately to the native preacher. He warned her to be careful; telling her that her relatives, her foster-father, the moonsiff, and her friends would cast her off and abuse her name if she broke her caste. He also said that God had not told us that those only who are baptized should be saved; but Paul's word to the jailer was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved:" he intimated to her that it might not be her duty to be baptized at once, and urged her by all means to consider well before acting.

Papulama agreed to do this, but carefully inquired the time of the next meeting at Ongole, when all the preachers and teachers from Markapoor and farther west would proba-

bly pass through Jaganada. She could not satisfy herself that it would be right to try to keep her new-found hope a secret, and determined to go to Ongole and see the missionaries. She secured grain enough for food for several days, and a few annas in money; and, when preacher Abel and other Christians passed through Jaganada, she, bundle in hand, secretly left her home, and joined the company. As soon as Papulama's mother heard that her daughter had left Jaganada, she started after the company of Christians, and overtook them before dark. Her reason had so far returned to her that she realized that something was about to happen to her child, and she begged her to return to her home. She also by turns both abused and flattered the native Christians and preachers; and, when they assured her for the hundredth time that they had not enticed her daughter away, she would turn to Papulama, throw her arms about her neck, and plead with her not to leave her. Thus for two days and nights she clung to her daughter. When Papulama was awake she kept near her; and when she slept the mother sat down beside her girl, and, covering her face with her hands, spent the hours in silence or weeping.

When about half way to Ongole, Gungama, Papulama's mother, suddenly left her, and returned to Jaganada; but about four weeks later she appeared in Ongole, and was determined to take Papulama back with her. She got an interview with the missionaries, threw herself at their feet, and begged for her child. The missionaries were in an awkward position. They felt deeply for the poor woman, yet they could not refuse to be faithful to the trust God had sent to them.

They called Papulama, and stated the whole case to her, telling her that she must do what she believed would please God. Gungama asked to see Papulama privately; but the missionaries would not consent to this, supposing that she would try to frighten her in some way. Next she asked to be allowed to whisper to her; and this was granted. She threw her arms about Papulama, weeping, and begging her to have compassion on the mother who had given her birth, and not forsake her for strangers and foreigners. It was a scene which might touch any heart, to see the mother in her deep sorrow, clinging to her daughter, sometimes falling down and embracing her feet, and

imploring her with bitter tears not to leave her; and the tender-hearted but brave girl, with tearful eyes and strong emotion, struggling between love and duty, and telling her mother of the joy she had found in the religion of Christ, and how impossible it was to desert her Saviour. Duty triumphed; and Papulama, while still loving her mother, stood firm in her faith. She would not go.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN SCHOOL AT ONGOLE.

ONLY a very few, perhaps not more than one in a hundred, of the Sudra or Mala and Madega castes, can either read or write; because Hinduism teaches that the former are servants, and the latter servants of servants, and for them to aspire to education and position would be displeasing to Brahma, from whose feet the Sudras are supposed to have sprung.

This cunningly-devised and faithfully-taught dogma works well for the Brahmins, who have managed from time immemorial, not only during the reign of their own rajahs, but also under the Mohammedan moguls and nabobs and the English even to this day, to monopolize most of the lucrative and influential offices of state, as well as the learned professions ex-

cept perhaps medicine. Never were tyrannical laws more completely humiliating, or more faithfully executed, than the rules of caste made and executed by Brahmins. The Telugus are an imaginative and also a thinking people, and are equal in natural ability to most European nations. The minds of their children and youth, deprived of books and correct instruction, are so filled with all manner of fables and superstitions, besides the multitude of legends of gods and goddesses, that they are but little better than slaves to a thousand imaginary masters.

A Telugu native preacher tells the following stories: "When I was a child, I went one night into the yard with an aunt. She saw something on the top of the house; and, thinking that her patron god had come to see her in answer to her many prayers, she fell down and worshipped the supposed god, and made me do likewise. Afterwards she was so pleased, and adored the supposed god so loudly, that he started to run away, but broke the tiles of the house in his flight. The men of the house then rushed out, and caught the supposed god, and found he was a thief."

"At another time a friend, who was a dealer in oil, in passing my father's house with a pot of oil, thought that he had forgotten something, and put his pot of oil in my study, and went away; but, being called suddenly to another town, he did not return that day. When I came into my study, I noticed the oil, and made inquiries about it; but no one knew any thing about the oil, and no one had been seen in the room. My aunt called all the neighbors, and consulted about this extraordinary occurrence. It was decided that probably this was the work of the terrible demoness Kattari, and that it meant that the owner of the room would die. Soon after this a woman, who had heard of the pot of oil, came along, and by various motions of her head and body indicated that she was possessed by the goddess Kattari. The women were all much frightened; and their fear was increased when the woman said, 'I am Kattari, and the person to whom this room belongs shall certainly die.' Cocoanuts and rice were offered her; and she relented, saying that if a cock and a sheep were sacrificed to her I would live. My aunt made preparations for these sacrifices at once; but, when a little while later my

friend the oil-merchant came along, she ceased to offer further honors and spoils to 'the woman possessed by Kattari.'"

A few years ago, when the missionaries returned home from a preaching-tour, they found all the young men and women in the normal and girls' schools in great fear: all had left their houses, and slept out in the open air; and many of them begged to be allowed to return to their homes at once, for the mission compound was haunted, and if they remained they would be killed. They said that every night stones fell on their houses and in their yards, thrown by unseen hands; and some went so far as to assure the missionaries that they had not only heard the stones fall once and again, but that they had seen them. It tasked all the powers of the missionaries to quell the panic, and restore the assurance that devils, however many there might be, could not harm faithful Christians with stones or any thing else, because the everlasting arms of the living God were around his people.

If the laborer on his way to his work in the morning happens to sneeze, he must return to his home, and wait a while before he starts

again, else evil will come to him before night. If any one meets in the early morning a widow, or Brahmin with a wholly shaven head indicating that he has made a vow, or a man of the Madega caste, he returns to his home, because these indicate bad luck. If a crow (and these birds are very numerous here) flies across the road before a person from the right to the left, or if a cat passes from the left to the right of the way, these indicate that the intended business or project will prove a failure; and hence the devout Hindu turns back till a more propitious time. If lizards, of which the country is full, make a noise peculiar to them, it is supposed to be a sign of danger. The howling of a dog here, as among some in enlightened America, is thought to be a warning of death; and, if an owl hoots on the top of the house, it indicates that a calamity of some kind is about to befall the inmates. Important projects are not commenced during the dark of the moon; and long journeys are not undertaken when the traveller in starting would have to go towards the planet Venus when it is either the morning or the evening star.

These and a thousand other things, many of

which are worse, fill the minds of the youth; and, even after they have become Christians, the influence of these old superstitions is very great. Hence the missionary and the mission-teacher have a long, hard, and difficult task to enlighten the minds of believers, to teach "all things" as Jesus commanded, and to give the children and youth among the converts, even the rudiments of an education. But do not understand that the home teaching given to the Telugu youth is all bad. Far from it. They are taught many good lessons which multitudes of youth in more favored lands would do well to heed. Telugu boys and girls are in many respects perfect gentlemen and ladies. I have travelled much by night and by day, and have come in contact with thousands of Telugu youth of all castes in hundreds of villages; and I do not recollect that I ever received from one of them, even a rude or unkind answer, or that I ever heard one of them swear or curse. They are taught from infancy to be polite to strangers, and not to make fun of the unfortunate, but to be compassionate, and also to be temperate, industrious, and frugal, and to mind their own business, and honor those older than

themselves, revering their parents and grandparents and aged people at all times and everywhere.

Lukshmiah was admitted to the boys' school soon after his baptism, and made fair progress in learning to read; but after his second visit to Ahmudala, when Dilama had publicly and finally cast him off, he studied with increased zeal. The abuse of Dilama and Soobama, the taunts of former friends, and the coldness of all his relatives, were necessary to wean him from them, and prevent his longing for them and the scenes of his childhood.

The lessons he heard recited in geography astonished him much; and he would ask the teacher after school if it were really true that the world is round and not flat, and that men had sailed quite around it. These assurances were given, and the theory of eclipses was explained. When he heard that the great cobra with twelve heads, on which he thought the world rested, and which he had often dreaded and worshipped, fearing that it would swallow the sun or moon, was a myth, and that the seas beyond the earth, of sugar-cane juice, of clarified butter, of curds, and of fresh water, were

mere fables, he was greatly pleased, and longed for more extended knowledge.

While such thoughts and plans were fresh in his mind, an event happened which made a deep impression on Lukshmiah. He was naturally sympathetic and tender-hearted; and when native preacher George, from near Cumbum, came into Ongole, sick of consumption, after having shared gloriously in gathering many sheaves for the Master's garner in 1878, Lukshmiah was very sad; for George was a young man and an enthusiastic preacher, whom everybody loved at sight. Lukshmiah and others did all they could for the sick servant of God; but medicine was of no use, and kindness was needed for only a few weeks. George exhorted Lukshmiah, and all who came to him, to be faithful, and to learn quickly, that they might go out and preach Jesus, making known the great salvation he had purchased for all by his blood.

"This is necessary," said the sick man, "because I am going: my work is done, and Jesus is calling me. But the Christians have no one to train them up to be strong men and women in Christ; and multitudes also on my field of labor have not believed in our Saviour."

The dying man's words were not lost. They sank deep in the hearts of Lukshmiah and many others, who felt more than ever before that they must study hard, and prepare as soon as possible to preach the gospel. Lukshmiah frequently spent his evenings with preacher Obulu. It was he who, in his own father's court in Ahmudala, had first made him feel that the Christian religion was something different from the lifeless, comfortless religion of the Hindus. The large, loving heart, and the rich experiences of Obulu, which he was ever ready to relate, were very attractive to Lukshmiah; and he became attached to him as to a father.

Weeks and months passed swiftly by. Lukshmiah grew in grace and knowledge, and in the esteem of the teachers, preachers, and missionaries; and he was contented. But books and his new-found faith and Christian friends were not all that now attracted Lukshmiah, and gave him pleasure. A certain young woman in the girls' school, with mild but sparkling black eyes, and long silken black hair, which was always tastefully arranged, had, not by words or by letters, but by her modesty and general demeanor, quite won his heart.

Papulama and Lukshmiah, before they became Christians, belonged to different divisions of the Sudra caste, which never intermarry. But their social position in their native villages, and the treatment each had received at the hands of relatives, had made them friends; and Lukshmiah did much to pacify Gungama, Papulama's mother, when she came to Ongole, for she listened to him as she would to no one else. The friendship and interest he felt for the lonely but courageous girl grew into admiration, and admiration into love which he could not conceal.

One day he came to the missionaries, and apparently had something in his mind which he hesitated to tell. The missionaries knew at once what the subject was, for they had not failed to notice Lukshmiah's actions; and strict rules could not wholly control his eyes, which would sometimes, in public gatherings and elsewhere, unconsciously wander away to the seats reserved for the girls' school. But they professed ignorance, and asked if he were ill, or if he had heard bad news from his father or friends. He answered in the negative, and at last said, "I want you to let me have Papu-

lama for my wife." Of course the missionaries were astonished: what father is not when one asks for a loved daughter? and they said, "Lukshmiah, how can we let you have Papulama? Perhaps you may still love Dilama, and may want to wait until she repents of having divorced you, and then marry her."

"No," said Lukshmiah; "Dilama I esteemed. She is a nice girl, and my cousin; but I never loved her; and, as I understand it, she never was my wife. The marriage between us was the work of our parents, and not ours. Besides, she hates me, and has divorced me, and driven me away in shame from her village. I will never marry her again."

"But," said the missionaries, "you ought to attend school at least three years yet in the theological seminary at Ramapatam: why, then, do you wish to be married?"

"Oh!" said Lukshmiah, "if you will only promise Papulama to me, I will wait until I have finished my theological course, or until such a time as you may appoint for the marriage."

"But how do you know that Papulama will marry you? Have you ever talked with her about marriage, Lukshmiah?"

"No," answered Lukshmiah: "you know that young men are not allowed either to converse with the young women, or to write to them; and, besides, I would not venture to think of asking Papulama to become my wife till I had your consent and blessing."

"Well, we will call Papulama, and see what she has to say on this most important subject, Lukshmiah," said the missionaries. "She is the all-important factor in this affair, and we cannot talk more until we see her."

Papulama came; and, after inquiry, it was found that Lukshmiah's love was duly reciprocated. On account of her father's death when she was so young, and the insanity of her mother, and afterwards the famine, which taxed all the energies and resources of her foster-father the moonsiff of Jaganada, she had never been married. Lukshmiah had a whole heart to offer her, and she a whole heart to give in return. The missionaries were convinced that the love between Lukshmiah and Papulama was of God; and they consented to a promise of marriage, to be fulfilled after three years.

The time drew near when Lukshmiah must go to Ramapatam to enter upon his theological

course. He expected to go there unmarried, and was quite pleased and happy. But after considerable thought the missionaries concluded, as Papulama seemed likely, if properly educated, to be very useful as a teacher and Bible-reader among caste-women, that a three or four years' course of study in the theological seminary was just what she would need; and therefore they suggested to the young people that they might, if they wished to do so, be married at once; and this suggestion was accepted, and acted upon immediately. After their marriage they visited Ahmudala and Jaganada. They talked to all who would listen to them about the new religion which had made them so happy. Both they and their words were received with some favor by their parents and relatives and friends, who urged them to learn first, and then come to them again. A month later, in July, 1880, they commenced study at Ramapatam.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT RAMAPATAM.

ABOUT one hundred and fifty miles north of Madras, and thirty south of Ongole, near the seashore, is the little village of Ramapatam. In front the blue waters of the Bay of Bengal roll in and break incessantly on a white-sand beach. All about the flat, sandy shores are groves of Palmyra palm-trees, with their straight, pillar-like trunks, and dark, bunchy tops; and here and there a few tall, slender cocoanut-palms sway their long feathery leaves in the wind. The Buckingham Canal, which runs from Madras far into the northern districts, passes close to Ramapatam, and forms the principal means of traffic and conveyance along the east coast.

Quite near the village, on very gently rising ground, and facing the sea, is Brownson Theo-

logical Seminary, an institution where a large number of Telugu converts are gathered to study the word of God, and prepare themselves for Christian work among their countrymen. The compound (enclosed premises) is quite large, and has the full benefit of the fresh sea-breeze. The fact that the grounds are so broad and airy is very favorable to such an institution in the matter of health; and it was indeed fortunate that this fine location was secured, and the seminary established here.

Out in the broad lawn before the mission house, as we look toward the sea, is a sacred spot. Within a circular thorn-hedge stands a beautiful date-palm; and under its graceful, drooping branches a white-marble slab marks the resting-place of Mrs. Williams, wife of the principal of the seminary. In the year 1876 she fell asleep in Jesus; and the spot where she rests was appropriately chosen in view of the institution she loved so well.

It was this seminary at Ramapatam which American Baptists were called upon to endow in 1873. It has since then prospered greatly. The students number about two hundred at present, and the number is increasing every

year. Many of the young men are married, and their wives come with them; and those who are able study in the same classes with their husbands, thus fitting themselves for usefulness as school-teachers and instructors of the women in the fields of labor which they and their husbands will occupy.

Besides the principal, there are four regular teachers in the seminary. These have all been selected from among the students themselves, and trained for this very purpose. They are faithful men and good teachers. The first three are ordained.

The seminary is a busy place: there is no room for idleness. The motto inscribed over the door of the schoolhouse where John Milton went to school would be appropriate here: "Doce aut disce aut discede" ("Teach, or learn, or leave"). Every morning at seven o'clock work commences; and recitations and lectures fully occupy the day till four o'clock, with the exception of the noon recess.

The course of study commences with Genesis and the Gospel by Matthew, and the first year is spent on the first books of the Old and New Testaments. In due time the whole Bible

is gone over in regular order, much of it being committed to memory. And in the fourth year instruction is given to a certain extent in church history and pastoral theology. Many of the students acquire a very commendable knowledge of the word of God and the Christian system.

The houses where the students live are of brick, laid in lime mortar, with tiled roofs; and most of the work on these buildings has been done by the students themselves after school-hours and on Saturdays. The houses were almost all destroyed by the great cyclone in November, 1879, and were built up again by the students. Wood is exceedingly scarce and very high-priced in this part of India: hence bricks and tiles are used. That the students should work, is desirable in various ways. It economizes the funds of the seminary; it is conducive to the health of the students; and it teaches them that even preachers and teachers must be ready to labor with their hands if necessary.

Now that we have become somewhat acquainted with the place, let us take a walk round among the cottages. It is towards even-

ing, and we may walk out without danger from the sun. As we go along from house to house, the students seem very happy to see us; and among them we soon notice Lukshmiah and Papulama. As we approach, Lukshmiah rises from his seat by the door, where he is reading, and Papulama comes from where she is boiling the rice for the evening meal; and they both greet us with a loving smile, and with that graceful salaam which is so natural to the Telugus. We find that Lukshmiah is studying his Bible-lesson for the next day. He is happy, and studies diligently; though often, when speaking of his heathen relatives and friends, a cloud of anxiety and sorrow comes over his face, as he thinks of their condition, and his separation from them. And as he realizes that the religion of Christ often brings a sword instead of peace, and that "a man's foes shall be they of his own household," he says it is hard; but, as it is right, he submits gladly to all that discipleship to Christ involves.

Day by day he and Papulama, in a large class of sixty-five, follow the regular course of Bible-study. They are highly esteemed by their

teachers and fellow-students: their conduct is upright, and their influence good.

We will suppose now that it is Saturday morning. At the ringing of the bell at seven o'clock, all assemble as on other days for morning worship. After the devotional exercises, all the students bring forward their regular weekly contributions, and place them on the table before the teachers. Besides this, many of them make special offerings: one perhaps will bring a fowl, and another some vegetables; these are sold at auction among the students, and the proceeds put into the fund.

After these exercises, about seventy of the students go out, two by two, into the surrounding villages within a radius of ten miles, to hold meetings on Saturday evening and Sunday forenoon. One of the senior students and a younger man generally go together, one to preach, and the other to conduct Sunday school in villages where there are Christians.

On Sunday morning at eight o'clock, all except those who have gone out to the villages assemble in the seminary for Sunday school, attired in their clean clothes. The school is conducted very much as Sunday schools are at

home; the International Lessons, translated into Telugu, being used. After the opening exercises, when all have separated into their different classes, we will walk through the rooms among them, and see what they are doing. Here and there they are seated in groups on the mats, each class forming a circle around its teacher. There are about fifteen classes, arranged according to age and attainments. The teachers are full of earnestness as they explain the lesson; and the scholars recite just as well as children at home, committing to memory the Golden Text and other passages.

You notice the babies lying on the floor in front of their mothers, kicking and smiling and crowing. They must be brought to Sunday school, or their mothers would have to stay at home; for they have no servants with whom to leave them.

After the classes have gone over the lesson, all come together again, and general questions are asked by the leader. Your attention is attracted by the prompt and correct answers, given in such a pleasant manner, by one of the young married women. That is Papulama, the wife of Lukshmiah. He is out in one of

the villages, telling the people of a Saviour's love; and she is here, diligently studying the truth, and preparing to become a teacher in the Sunday school.

At nine o'clock the regular morning service is held, usually conducted by Yohan, the first of the four teachers in the seminary. As you listen to him so discreetly, soundly, and earnestly unfolding, illustrating, and enforcing the truth of God, you wonder, and ask yourself, "Can he be the same who, ten or twelve years ago, was a poor little naked, ignorant heathen boy, out in one of the western villages, worshipping a dumb stone, and knowing nothing of a god beyond that?" His home was at a village about six miles from Ahmudala, and there he first heard the saving truth. Now he is like a right hand to the principal of the seminary. His fellow-teachers also are all worthy of confidence and love.

At two P.M. all connected with the Sunday school meet for the practice of singing. They use their own native airs chiefly, with hymns which have been composed by their own preachers, as well as by missionaries. Many of their tunes are very pretty, and suit their taste and

their language much better than English tunes.

Towards evening some of the female teachers, with a few of the young women, go out into the streets of Ramapatam and the neighboring palems, to speak to the women concerning the all-important subject.

At seven o'clock on Sunday evening, the students who went out to preach in the villages having returned, all connected with the institution come together, and the principal preaches to them. He has thus a good opportunity to follow up the instructions of the class-room, and to draw particular attention to those subjects which will be of special importance to Christian preachers and teachers while preparing for their life-work.

The seminary building, its three rooms thrown into one, is closely packed, there being scarcely standing-room for the preacher. Not only is the interior of the building filled, but the verandas also. Many of the people cannot see, and can scarcely hear, the preacher. The building, which six or seven years ago was large enough, is now entirely insufficient, so greatly has the number of students increased. One

result of the great ingatherings of 1878 and following years is a largely increased attendance at the seminary. A new building, large enough for all the students to assemble together in one hall, is very much needed.

Such is the institution where Lukshmiah is now fitting himself to explain the facts and doctrines of the Christian religion to his people, many of whom are still strongly prejudiced against it, and many more of whom know little or nothing about it. We hope, that, by the grace of God, both Lukshmiah and Papulama will yet be the means of leading many of the people of their own caste and others out of the prison-house of Hinduism, into the light and liberty of the gospel.

Here, then, in the seminary, we will take leave of them, hoping that some of our readers at least may hear of them again in coming years. We have traced their story from their childhood, in heathen darkness, until now they stand in the ever-brightening light of God, and on the threshold, we trust, of a life of very devoted and very successful labor for Him who redeemed them. Dear reader, whether you hear of them again on earth or not, we have no doubt

that when "they shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and sit down in the kingdom of God," these two will be there.

Two years have passed since Papulama first came to Ongole. Gungama, her mother, now comes to see her frequently. Her insanity is nearly gone, which she says is because she believes in Christ as her Saviour. She is happy, and has asked to be baptized. After her visits to her daughter, when her relatives or the people of her village ask her if she has broken her caste, she tells them blandly that she has not; that she has become purer by visiting Ongole; and that, if they also go there, their caste will be improved. They take her words literally, and let her alone gladly, because they know in their hearts that Gungama is right; for neither Brahminism nor popular Hinduism can offer to the weary, heavy-laden, sin-sick millions of India either a Comforter or Saviour.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IMPORTANT FACTS AND PRESSING NEEDS.

IN the preceding chapters you have learned much of the habits and customs and every-day life of the Telugus; also how they are trained, and how they think, feel, marry, live, and die. I wish you now to take a more extended view, that you may know what we have to meet, and thus you will be the better able to help us and the cause in India efficiently.

India contains 1,577,698 square miles. It is as large as twenty-eight states like Illinois, or one hundred and ninety-seven states like Massachusetts. The census has just been taken, but the results are not yet made known: we can safely say, however, that the population of India is about two hundred and fifty millions. Of this vast number, about one hundred and

eighty-five millions are of the Brahmin faith, about forty-one millions are Mohammedans, and about three millions are Buddhists. Of the remainder, three hundred and fifty thousand are nominal Christians, and the rest are of the various religions of the hill and aboriginal tribes.

When the English first came to India, it was mostly under the Mohammedan rule, the emperor being the Great Mogul of Delhi. It is now wholly subject to Queen Victoria, the Kaiser-i-Hind, "Empress of India;" for, although some of the native states are said to be independent, the independence is only nominal. No capital is without its British resident and British cannon. These are nominally to help protect the rajah, but in fact, probably, to watch him and his subjects. India, although now one vast empire, was in past ages composed of many nations, as Europe is to-day. These different peoples now speak one hundred and thirty-nine distinct languages, and probably about one hundred different dialects, making over two hundred languages and dialects in all.

The people of India are, by the best authori-

ties, supposed to be the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants, and their conquerors the Scythians, and of the Aryans who in turn invaded India, and conquered the Scythians. And to these must be added the descendants of the Mohammedans who came to India from Persia. The religion of the aboriginal tribes may have been fetichism; and the religion of the Dravidian race of Scythians, who first colonized Telingana, was somewhat like that of the worshippers of Siva of modern times; while the Sanskrit-speaking race of Brahmins, Kshatriyas, and Vaisyas, were pantheists. The Dravidian race allowed the aborigines to keep their religion, and by degrees it was adopted by the conquerors generally. After the Aryans came they obtained influence by conquest, or otherwise, and the Brahmins were accepted as the teachers, counsellors, and priests of the whole people; while the name of the god Siva was given to the principal god of Telingana, and in some way the Aryans got the consent of the people to make them the fourth caste, or Sudras.

The god Brahma is said to have four faces; and, judging by the different views of him held

by his followers, the number of faces is none too great. You may meet a man; and, after preaching to him, he may tell you that such teaching is very good for low-caste people, but that, as for himself, he does not worship idols, and has no need of our religion. Ask further what he means, and he will tell you that he has the Vedas, which were written three thousand years before Jesus Christ was born, and does not care for so new a religion. He declares that he never committed any sin; and, if you care to talk further with him, will boldly affirm that he is God. He believes in pantheism, or that Brahma is the only deity, the supreme Lord of the universe, eternal and self-existent, who created and manages the universe by two powers, good and evil, — Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer. They say that there is no difference between God and soul, and that every thing is "illusion." They explain their faith by the following illustration: —

"If a number of vessels with water in them be placed opposite to the sun, then in each of the vessels the sun will be visible, although in reality the sun is only one. Similarly, although God is one, still he is visible in everybody,

presenting various appearances. Hence every man is God."

Besides this sect of religionists, there are two other sects, which differ somewhat from it; one claiming that the soul approaches God or becomes similar to God, and the other asserting that the soul and God are entirely different. The three sects are said to be subdivided into ninety-six minor sects.

Around the triad Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, and with the Puranas as authority, modern Hinduism or popularized Brahminism has, in poetry and fable, gathered the three hundred and sixty millions of fabled gods and goddesses. The Hinduism of the masses, which is practical polytheism, has so far departed from the spiritual pantheism taught in the Vedas, and adhered to by the few, that there is but little resemblance.

But the Brahmins are equal to the emergency. If questioned about the results of their teachings, they say, "Gods, men, trees, animals, stones, earth, emanated from the Lord of the universe; and all will be ultimately absorbed into him, Brahma. Hence, although images are worshipped, yet that is not wrong; as the mate-

rial is part of Brahma, and the form given to the idol only represents some characteristic or action of the god." They say, that, while the learned do not worship idols, yet they countenance them, as they are necessary for the unlearned and ignorant masses. As nearly as I can learn, all classes and sects of the Brahminical faith, in this part of India of which I am writing, believe in transmigration. As a man casts off his old clothes, and puts on new, so in the next life a new form is taken, either higher or lower, according to the deeds done and merit gained.

Hinduism is not the dead or dying religion that it is often represented to be. Far from it. It is thoroughly organized. In one sense, every Brahmin is a priest, and his word is law. Every village has its shrines and temples, one or more; and every temple has its priests, and dancing-girls, musicians, and servants, to perform all the different rites and ceremonies of their complicated ritual. Every man down to the common laborer knows exactly what his social status is, what fasts and feasts are to be observed, what presents are to be given to the priest, and what to the god; what ceremonies

are to be observed, and what sacrifices are to be made: and the priests see to it that all such duties are faithfully performed.

Besides the priests in every village and temple in South India, there are four high priests of the god Vishnu, and five of the god Siva. These high priests have an immense income, and travel in great pomp with elephants, and sometimes with two or three thousand followers in their suite. The high priest of this section visits Ongole once in four years, when people of all castes flock in to see him, to give him presents, and to worship him.

Brahminism cannot be called the state religion of India, for nominally government is neutral in all religious matters. But every temple is endowed with lands, which are free from government taxes. These lands were given, in ages past, by the rulers; and, when the English annexed the country, they continued the old order of things in all religious matters except the suttee, the hanging festival, and human sacrifices. The temples of Vishnu and Siva in Ongole are endowed with about one hundred and twenty-five acres of the best land for cultivation in the vicinity.

Most temples have so much income from lands that Brahmins generally can live in ease and luxury, while the high priests are immensely rich. Moreover, the influence of the large number of Brahmins in all branches of government service is very great; and but few English officers, even if they have the intellectual ability, have the nerve or physical strength to stem the current of opposition to all their subordinates. The Hindus generally are in earnest in all religious matters. Their religion enters into the every-day life of all castes and classes and occupations. The earnestness of the Hindus does not appear great on a slight acquaintance. Their enthusiasm is not of the effervescent type, which may waste itself away in talk; but it is like the ebbing and flowing of the ocean tide, which quietly, noiselessly, sweeps every thing before it. The Brahminism which surrounds us, and contests with us every inch of ground, is no myth. But we are neither overawed nor discouraged. We know that we fight not in our own strength, but that in due time, in God's own time, India will submit to him; and in every city, town, and hamlet, from the snow-capped Himalayas

to Cape Comorin, there will be chapels to the God of heaven, instead of idol houses and temples, while songs of praise and thanksgiving and prayer to our blessed Saviour will be heard in every household.

In India there are, including those on leave, six hundred and eighty-nine missionaries, nearly four hundred ordained native preachers, and about one hundred and three thousand church-members.

The missionaries and native preachers are doing, we have reason to believe, a good work. Thousands of village schools are taught by Christian men and women; and hundreds of colportors, with Bible in hand, travel from village to village, and offer the word of God, and evangelical and other tracts, for a nominal price to all who will buy; while hundreds of other zealous men, as catechists or lay-preachers, go everywhere preaching Jesus. Thus the comparison between the living Saviour, and Kristnah and Ramaswamy, and scores of other gods, — between the teachings of the Bible, manifest in the warm throbbing heart of Christian England and America, and the cold and comfortless tenets of Manu and the Rig-Veda and the Pu-

ranas, — is forced upon the attention of thousands every day. God is blessing these efforts. The great Mount Meru of Hinduism is honeycombed with truth; and, if the churches at home do their duty, I believe that before another half-century, the death-knell of mighty Brahminism will be rung, and that Christianity will be the religion of India.

When India is Christianized, the world may expect much from her. The Hindus, among whom the Telugus stand in the front rank, are capable of great things. If India is won for Christ, she will evangelize the other nations of the East. It was in India that Buddhism had its origin; and from here it was taken to Ceylon and to Burmah, to Thibet, China, and Japan. Such was the zeal of the Hindu Buddhists to spread their religion, that five hundred priests left at one time as missionaries to Thibet; and one king, Asokha, is said to have built eighty-four thousand Buddhist temples. The Hindus are not lacking in intellectual power or enterprise; and after they are Christianized, and freed from the slavery of caste and superstition, they will repay the world for all that is done for them now. The very fact that they cling to the

old customs, traditions, and fables of their ancestors, encourages me much; for I see by faith, that, if we give them now a pure religion, they will not give it up. And perhaps a century or two hence, when America and England, bloated with wealth, and given to change and show, have departed from the faith of their fathers, Telugu or Tamil or Mahratta preachers of the gospel may be sent from India as missionaries to evangelize the United States and the British Isles, or to be the star preachers in New York, Boston, Chicago, and London. More improbable things have happened in the history of the Church during the past eighteen hundred years.

What is needed?

You who have carefully read this little book have felt, I trust, that more missionaries should go to India. You will also agree with me, I think, when I tell you that we need the *best* men in America, — men who have the intellectual power and training requisite, not only to preach their own religion, but also to grapple with these venerated theories and Brahminical sophistries, and quickly, yet good-naturedly, to hurl them to the ground. Men of great faith in God, and in the gospel of Christ as the

world's great need, of practical common-sense, large, warm hearts, and cosmopolitan natures, are the men whom India wants.

But money is also needed. I do not know that I ever saw a successful missionary who did not feel that he was crippled in his usefulness by a lack of funds for his teachers of village schools, for his preachers, for his girls' school, his boys' school, his high school, or theological seminary. This is to be regretted, especially since the number of missionaries and native assistants is so small, and since a little money will do so much good. Money, when used to support native assistants here, in most places is probably worth six times as much as it is in America: hence, from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars per year will support a native preacher or teacher comfortably.

India also needs the daily prayers of God's people. By this I do not mean that she needs the cold, perfunctory prayers of those who pray for the heathen because it is their duty; whose words, like the muntras of the Brahmins, never rise above their heads. No; but we do believe we need the prayers of those dear disciples who love the heathen, and who sacrifice to give

for missions the "effectual, fervent prayers" of the righteous.

Some of you, then, can aid us by coming here yourselves to labor. Others can assist by their prayers and their alms; and those, if there be such, who really have no money to give, can nevertheless help us by their supplications at the throne of grace. Thus you and we will work together: souls will be redeemed through our instrumentality, and India will be won for Christ. And by and by, when we are called to cross the river, we shall hear the Master's voice, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" and crowns all bright and glittering, with many stars, will be placed upon our heads.

Said a lady to me a few days ago, "I believe I am redeemed, and that I shall have a crown in heaven; but O sir! I fear that it will be a starless crown." Then she went on to say, while tears were in her eyes, that a few years ago she had read a little poem called "The Starless Crown," which made a deep impression on her mind. She could not satisfy her conscience until she had engaged as matron of a Telugu girls' school. In that she labored over three years. Then her health

failed, and she had to resign. After two or three years of rest, she was so far recovered that she thought she could again work for the Master; and, with high hopes, she took charge of another large girls' school: but in less than a year her health completely failed again, and her physician told her that she must give up her post, or die soon. "And now," said she, "my work seems to be done; but I fear I have no stars in my crown. Oh! if I could stay and work on until there was just one star, I would go contentedly." I tried to comfort her by saying that she had done a good work training Christian girls for usefulness; and having tried, and having done what she could according to the strength given, her crown would not be lacking in brightness, or be necessarily starless. Dear reader! are there stars ready for your crown? If not, are you trying to win them? Have you done all you could, as this woman did? If not, oh, for your own sake, and for the poor lost millions of earth, awake! Jesus said to his disciples, and to you if you are his, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit." "They that be wise

shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

THE STARLESS CROWN.

"Wearied and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose;
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose:
I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch in midnight solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.
A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,—
'Arise, O sleeper! follow me;' and through the air we fled.
We left the earth so far away, that like a speck it seemed;
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.
Still on we went: my soul was rapt in silent ecstasy;
I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet mine eye.
I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.
We stood before a city's wall, most glorious to behold;
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold.

It needed not the sun by day, nor silver moon by night:
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light.
Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air;
And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne:
'All worthy is the Lamb,' they sang, 'the glory his alone.'
But, fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed he smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.
Lowly I bowed before his throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes, — that earth at length was past.
And then in solemn tones he said, 'Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on me, and life through me is thine;
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?
Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow:
For every soul they led to me they wear a jewel now;
And such thy bright reward had been if such had been thy deed, —

If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.
I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone;
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest;
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest.'
The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake;
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I feared to break.
And when at last I gazed around, in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit felt o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.
I rose, and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below;
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.
And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
To live no longer for myself, but Him who died for me;
And, graven on my inmost soul, this word of truth divine:
'They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall shine.'"

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